

Vol. I.

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THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went cautiously out the back-door, In the morning gleam, while their mothers slept; Each thought of his school-room deserted once more; And the vious boys jeered them as downward they

> But boys will fish While mothers are snug; For fish-hooks are plenty And worms are a drug, And the pond is full of gudgeon.

Three mothers rose up in their righteous wrath As soon as they found that their offspring were

Each sought for her slipper and followed the path Where the dear ones had vanished at early dawn; But boys will "hook;" But mothers are stern; And in smiles they went forth And in tears they return, Though the pond is full of gudgeon.

Three urchins lay supperless down in their beds, And they sighed when their mothers had left them

alone, For their rods had been broken across their heads, And their fishes been eaten up all but the bone. For boys will fish, But mothers must "lick," And the fellow that stands It the best is a brick,

And is apt to get most of the gudgeon.

The Tiger Tamer:

THE LEAGUE of the JUNGLE

A TALE OF INDIA.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER. CHAPTER I.

THE KING OF THE JUNGLE. THE city of Jagpore was full of excitement. and the people were crowding to the show given them by the Rajah Ram Sing.* All round the inclosure of the amphitheater men and women were packed in row on row under the awnings, looking down to see the wild beasts fight. The Rajah himself, a fat, sensual-looking personage,

blazing with jewels and surrounded by the high

officers of his court, sat in the royal box, and

had been pleased to express his approval by a nod, when the rhinoceros killed the elephant. Now, however, a hush came on all the spectators, for it was known that the great attraction of the day was coming. Even the Rajah raised himself till he sat nearly upright in his chair, and deigned to inquire of the vizier, Khoda

"Who is this fellow that is coming?" "Light of the world," answered the obsequious minister, "he is said to be the greatest tiger-tamer in Hindostan; a man who goes into the jungle alone and captures wild tigers single-handed. He is come to us from the city of Delhi, and is said to be as proud as a rajah. He calls himself indeed the King of the Jungle." "Ha!" said the great man, lazily; "we will

see what he can do, Khoda." The vizier bowed lower than before, and fidgeted about as if he wanted to say something. The Rajah observed it, and asked: "Well, Khoda, do you know anything more

about this great tiger-tamer?" "Resplendency of all glory," replied the vizier, with another salaam, "it is said that the man is a magician who has dealings with the Evil One himself, by which he has power over the beasts of the jungle, and all say that he has

This time the great chief sat bolt upright and opened his own eyes wide. "By the beard of the great Mogul," he ex-

claimed, angrily, "if that be so, we will soon prove him. Let him come in at once." The vizier, a tall thin man, with an evil-looking face, salaamed once more and gave a signal. Instantly the cymbals and trumpets sounded, a door at the end of the arena was opened, and into the inclosure bounded a huge tigress, with

a collar round her neck, graceful and brilliant, lashing her sides with her tail. and excitement, for they had never before seen such a magnificent creature issue from a cage. The great size and brilliant markings showed ment leaped full at the royal box. that she was full grown, and the muscular limbs, shining in the sun, told of perfect health and strength. There stood the tigress a moment, as if astounded by the sudden clamor, slowly waving her tail from side to side and peering at the audience; then, with a rapid, sinuous motion, the great beast crept across the arena, and coming to the foot of the palisades, ran round,

low growls, as if longing to be among them. So terrible was this eager, hungry look, that a dead stillness fell on all the audience, and even the fat, sensual Rajah stirred uneasily in his hard slippery bamboo, so that climbing up seemed out of the question; nevertheless every one

* Indian Princes are variously called Rajahs and Nawaubs, corrupted into Nabobs. The loftiest title is that of Maha-Rajah, or "Rajah of Rajahs." Ram is the Hindoo word for Lord, and is found in most

watching for a mouse.

The Rajah Ram Sing sat like a statue, his eyes fixed on those of the tigress, his face of a gray in beads. There in the midst of all his power, "Burra Sahib," or "great gentleman," as they crusted with jewels. with courtiers and guards round him, swords | called the white man by the Rajah's chair.

quiver from side to side, just as a cat might do, ment, and resumed its hungry round of the ering. Arms and legs, brawny and bare, were Khan as he looked down. arena, growling in the same tones of ferocity. ornamented with bracelets and anklets that Then the tiger-tamer, with a proud, angry were beginning to recover from their first stupor | harajah himself, and he bore in his hand a heavy | world, turned away, walked to the middle of pallor, while the sweat stood out on his forehead of terror, encouraged by the coolness of the whip of rhinoceros hide, with a handle of gold the arena and held up his whip to his tigress

seemed to be afraid as this gold-and-black- tawny mustache and blue eyes, contrasted beauty, with black lustrous eyes, regular feathat it was useless to argue with a native dignistriped monster crept round and round, looking tary against cruelty. He quietly returned the for an opening; and the stillness was universal. and Mahomedans around him, and his courage black mustache falling each side of a shaven scimitar of Khoda Khan to the vizier, went Presently the tigress halted right in front of seemed no less different, for he arose coolly, chin, while the black curls of his hair touched back to the seat from whence he had stepped to the box of the great Ram Sing himself; and the smoking a cheroot, made two steps down beside his shoulders, confined by a gold band orna- the rescue of the Rajah, and watched the fur-Rajah so far forgot his dignity that he turned the Rajah and faced the tiger boldly, raising a mented with a tall white plume. His magnifipale under his olive skin. The creature crouch- bamboo cane as if he intended to strike the beast. | cent bust was only half concealed by a short | The great Govinda looked straight at the Raed down, with great green eyes fixed hungrily | However, he refrained from the blow, for he | sleeveless jacket of cloth-of-gold, that glittered | jah as soon as the brief colloquy with Charlton on the fat body of the prince, and crept back, saw that the great claws were slowly relaxing with every motion of his body, while the short was over, and salaamed a second time. A seclashing her tail slowly from side to side, as if to their hold and that the creature was about to drawers of the same material that he wore ond time the salute was unacknowledged, and a gain distance for a spring, for she began to drop, which, sure enough, it did in another mo- around his loins constituted his only other cov- cold cruel smile gathered on the lips of Khoda But in the meantime the people and guards flashed with jewels as bright as those of the Ma- look, as if he were the equal of any prince in the

This brilliant and startling figure entered the

THE TIGER TAMER ENTERED THE ARENA WITH A BOUND, JUST AS THE TIGER CROUCHED TO SPRING AT THE RAJAH.

the royal beast.

N.ORR_N. V.

tigress nearly carried it to the top, and the great stranger waved them back. brute spread out her fearful talons with such of the bamboo palings, and she actually hung care of his Highness." there a moment, looking over the top, within

looking eagerly up at the people and uttering three feet of the sacred person of the Rajah. populace, and the guards of the Prince shrunk Give him a sword." back with loud yells, while Khoda Khan crouchhad from the first, into those of the tigress.

Then followed a long pause of intense anxiety, the animal retaining its grasp with desperate its second spring. Just as it was lashing its tail tenacity, turning its head from side to side and growling hungrily, amid a dead stillness.

and spears on every side, jewels, satins, gold | When he called for a sword, a dozen men ran | arena with a bound, just as the tiger crouched and velvet blazing on the sight, the king of the forward, armed with round shields of rhinoceros to spring at the Rajah for the second time; then, city and the queen of the jungle looked each hide and curved "tulwars" or swords, sharp as quick as a flash, the new-comer ran across the other in the eye and the Rajah quailed before razors. They were the Rajah's professional inclosure to the beast and struck it with his sword-players, men so expert with their keen whip a blow that resounded throughout the But he was not alone in his terror, for all near | weapons that they can cut a lemon in half lying | place. The people gave a great shout of admiration him were still as death, and the bravest of his on the bare palm of a man's hand without so Startled by the sudden assault, for the tamer swordsmen shook with fear. Then the tigress much as scratching the skin, while they can sev- had run as silently as a cat, the tigress uttered a uttered a low hungry growl, and the next mo- er the head of a bull buffalo from its body at a roar of terror and fled away to the palings, single blow. These fellows began to feel ashamed | crouching there, no longer as if ferocious, but Well was it for the Rajah Ram Sing on that of their cowardice, and came in front of the Ra- evidently frightened to death. day that the palisades on his side of the arena jah's box, offering to strike at the animal's Then it was that a tremendous shout of apwere taller than elsewhere, for the bound of the paws if it leaped up again. But the white plause rent the air, and voices began to cry:

force that they pierced the hard polished shells are more in the way than anything. I can take with a proud smile on his face, listening to the

self, in the tone of a surly despot as he was. The great man, whose nerves had not yet recov

ed trembling behind the chair of his master, as and Khoda Khan drew his own Damascus scimi- had shown so much courage, spoke aloud to himchair. The palisades were high enough to stop the fat Rajah fell back, limp and helpless, his tar, which he handed to the young man, just as self in his own tongue: the spring of any ordinary tiger, and made of eyes glaring with a horrible fascination, as they the tigress came creeping along again, and "By Jove, that's the handsomest fellow I've crouched once more before the Rajah's box.

But the animal was never destined to make more and more rapidly and settling into position, a second figure bounded into the arena, a His tiger near kill me. I punish him." The silence was suddenly interrupted by a man of great hight and framed like a Hercules,

"Well done, Govinda, King of the Jungle!" "Give me a sword," he said. "You fellows The tiger-tamer stood in the midst of the arena plaudits; and then, fixing his eyes on the Ra-"Go away, dogs," observed the Rajah him- jah, he salaamed with a profound obeisance A shrill scream of terror burst from all the "The Major Sahib is worth all the rest of you. | ered their equanimity, looked angrily at him, and did not give any encouraging nod of reply; The mortified professionals retired in silence, but Major Charlton, the young stranger who

seen since I came to India. The Rajah heard him; for, like most high caste Hindoos, he understood English, and replied: "Sahib, dat man is magician and has evil eye.

Charlton turned and stared at the Hindoo Indian titles, as also Sing or Lion, which is very young man in the Rajah's box, in white clothes whose swelling muscles were plainly revealed prince for a moment, but he said not a word; of European cut. His white face, light hair, by his scanty dress. His face was one of great for he had been long enough in India to know

calling out: "Here, Seevah, here!"

The great brute, lately so ferocious, cowered down under the palings and hesitated to move, as if afraid.

"Here, I say!" cried the tamer, sharply, and as he did so he cracked his whip and gave a

Instantly the tigress began to creep slowly toward him, flat against the ground, as in mortal terror, till her master threw the whip down before her and snapped his fingers, saying in a kinder tone:

"Bring it, Seevah, bring it, good girl." The burst of applause that followed, as the huge beast obediently picked up the whip, and then, as if reassured, rose up and walked gravely to her master, was genuine and well deserved. The tigress seemed to be completely transformed, as she stood by the tamer's side, holding the whip in her mouth, rubbing her arched back against Govinda, and slowly waving her tail like a pet cat, while the man patted her head. Then Govinda took the whip from the animal

and walked right up in front of the royal box, where he spoke in a low tone to his grim charge. Instantly, Seevah began to crouch and growl as before, while the tamer made his third obeisance. This time the Rajah hastily answered it, and a proud smile of triumph crossed the tamer's countenance. Le spoke once more to the tigress and turned away, when the animal at once ceased her threatening demonstrations and followed him. Govinda raised his whip in the air, and the tigress leaped over it, with the docility of a dog, again and again. He lay down on his back in the sand, and the tigress picked him up by the waistband and carried him round the

Then came the most wonderful feat of all, which brought even from Major Charlton a cry of surprise, although that gentleman had seen almost everything to be seen in a voyage round the world. Govinda stood in the midst of the arena and

arena, amid the cheers of the multitude.

called out: "Ali! Ali! Hither, child! Seevah is hun-

Then into the arena gravely walked a beautiful little boy, very nearly white, as young children often are in India. This little fellow did not seem to be over five or six years old; and his big black eyes, long dark curls, and beautiful face, was set off by a dress similar to that of the tiger-tamer. Small as he was, this midget carried on his head a great silver dish longer than himself, and the plate was heaped with pieces of meat smothered in boiled rice.*

The beautiful child walked gravely across the arena past the tigress, who stood in the center beside Govinda.

When he neared the animal, Seevah began to roar loudly with eagerness, but did not offer to touch either child or meat, though her tail lashed violently. The child went to the front of the Rajah's

box, laid his load on the ground, and gravely executed a deep obeisance. Even the sullen Prince could not withstand the spell of the child's artless grace and beauty, and he eagerly leaned forward, saying: "Well done! Well done, by the beard of the great Mogul!"

As he spoke, he hastily took off one of his eweled bracelets and threw it down to the Little Ali picked it up, salaamed profoundly

a second time, and then raised his dish and approached the tiger. A moment later, Seevah was taking food from the child's hand as gently as a trained cat, without so much as a growl, while little Ali occa-

sionally reproved his charge for eagerness by slapping the creature's face with a tiny hand. Cheer after cheer went up from the arena at the sight, and even the Rajah smiled, while Major Charlton was enthusiastic. At last the plate was empty, and the child picked it up and gave it to the tigress, who took it in her strong jaws, the trainer standing silently by with fold-

ed arms all the while, and not even speaking to Then, when it seemed as if nothing further could be done to prove the complete control of master over brute, the child slapped the tigress on the side and said something which the spec-

tators could not catch.

* The means by which tigers are retained in perfect docility in some parts of India is very simple and not practiced by the wild beast tamers of civilized countries. It consists in bringing up the creature from a cub on boiled rice and buffalo butter, with a little boiled meat, never allowing it to taste raw flesh. Indian travelers relate that it is quite common for the fakirs, or begging priests of India, to keep such tame tigers and be followed by them to the villages in their begging trips, the beast never being either chained or caged. This is a different method altogether from that employed in subduing wild tigers, described in subsequent chapters.—ED.

animal's back.

Then up rose Seevah, guided by the child the great goddess Kalee is his protector." Rajah's box for the last time, no longer to vailed woman, "I demand the office of the slay- liked to be considered an invalid. threaten. Little Ali kissed his hand to the enfor him." Prince, who returned the salute with perfect "Hast thou yet slain a man?" inquired the it in Ameriky? Hey!"

her tail, till the dark entrance of the cage hid As the woman pronounced the last words, she been proud of his English. child and tiger together.

marked:

"Magician or not, 'tis a grand tamer." Then Govinda retired slowly from the arena.

CHAPTER II. THE LEAGUE OF THE STRANGLERS.

OUTSIDE of the city of Jagpore, on that same night, the full moon looked silently down on a tense tones: vast expanse of fcrest and jungle, hemming in the cultivated fields that surrounded the walls | him to me." of the town. Away out in the midst of the jungle, several miles from the city, stretched one of those huge tanks or reservoirs, over a mile square, which had been erected in the days ruins, and most of its waters had escaped, the only remnant being a small pond in the midst of a plain of tall grass, where the wild beasts came to drink.

Tigers and leopards, wolves and jackals, were plentiful in the jungle all round this ancient tank, and it was rarely visited save by the shekarrees or native hunters, and by them only in the daytime, for the place was supposed to be haunted by evil spirits as well as fierce beasts.

Nevertheless, on the night of the day on which the tiger-tamer had appeared in the Jagpore amphitheater, the forms of men were to be seen threading the jungle toward the lonely pond, coming from different quarters, but all going to the same point, where a little tent stood in the midst of the plain by the pond, an evident place of rendezvous for the silent midnight wanderers in the jungle.

Within the tent sat an old man, with a long white beard—a person of venerable and benevolent appearance, in the robes of a professional teacher, called a moonshee. This old man did not seen to be at all afraid at his solitary position in the jungle, though the distant roaring of tigers was by no means unfrequent. He sat cross-legged on the ground before a square pit dug in the midst of the tent, in the bottom of which stood a lamp of peculiar form. It was a cocoanut shell filled with oil, in which rested two wicks, lighted at both ends and arranged in a cross so as to give four lights.

The watcher sat motionless before this lamp with his eyes fixed on the intersection of the cross, and muttered to himself rapidly certain prayers in which the names of "Kalee! Kalee Calcutta Walee " were frequently repeated Presently the midnight wanderers began drop in, and each as he entered squarted before the lamp in the pit, and sat staring at it, mum-

bling his weird invocations to Kalee, till seven They seemed to be of all ranks in society, for the gleaming mail and helmet of the soldier, the gold and velvet of the courtier, the simple white robes of the moonshee, and the bare brown skin and dirty waist-cloth of the bullock driver, were to be seen in that circle, in apparent equality, muttering prayers to the goddess of war and pestilence, the terrible Kalee, whose temple

stands in Calcutta. "Oh! Kalee! Great Kalee! Lady of Calcutta! Grant us thy help to-night, and give us a sign, whether we shall prosper on our undertaking or not!"

So ran the burden of the prayer, as they sat round the four lights, and then the old man, who seemed to be a chief among them, rose and held up his hand, when all were silent. "Are we all here?" he asked.

"All but the pupil," answered a tall, thin man in rich garments, whose keen, malicious face was very like that of Khoda Khan, the Rajah's minister. "She will come with the sac-

rifice. Hark!" As he spoke, a soft rustling in the grass outside was heard, and the figure of a woman, richly dressed, with her head swathed in a thick vail, entered the tent, leading by a cord two black goats, without a speck of white on their bodies or limbs.

signs. The vailed woman turned the heads of and softest of cambric worked with gold thread one of the goats shook off the water in a shower | per. around the shell of the mystic lamp.

by the old priest, who said:

Who is there that has any victims to offer?" The thin man in rich garments spoke first: rides out alone in the jungle, and he is young. He carries all his wealth with him in jewels, better than so many cows."

hidden away." "The goddess would not that we kill Franks, ing: for the great queen beyond seas knows her sub- "Get out, fools. His Highness says you dance jects, and we cannot sacrifice them without like cows. Away with you."

being found out." "This man comes from another country, call- great man rewarded Khoda's efforts with ed America, where they have no king and no growl. one to look after their people," replied the thin "You are an ass, Khoda Khan. Find some-

A grunt of approval came from the circle, "The goddess will accept him. He shall die.

Who is the next?" "The next," said the voice of the vailed woman, "is the tiger-tamer, Govinda." There was an evident sensation at this name,

for every one in the circle started and looked "Who shall be his executioner?" at length de-

manded the chief, solemnly. "I claim the office," answered the muffled tones from behind the vail; "for I alone can kill the man." "It may not be," said the old priest, decided-

* The rupee is the current coin of India, worth about sixty cents American. A lac is a hundred thousand rupees, worth sixty thousand dollars.

Instantly, Seevah lay down, and the little one ly. "The man is known to all our brotherhood, growl like old dog with bone. Shiver my timgrappled her brawny neck in the loose folds of but we have never yet tried him but we have bers! speak out." skin with two tiny hands, clambering up on the failed. The sacred mattock has broken and the holy handkerchief has fallen from his face, for

let. Instantly, the tigress, without any signal, "I have not, but my father was the first ing been learned in former days from a drunken "I am ready, your Highness," said the other, superior. lay down, and allowed the child to dismount, strangler of his day," responded the vailed one, sailor who had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith, Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith, "Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith, "Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith, "But I need my son with the Koransaith, "Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith, "Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith, "Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as a calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," Wo had strayed to Jagpore and been as a calmly as ever; "but I need my son with the Koransaith," W pick up the bracelet and resume his seat in tri- boldly. "He was the man who pulled down made chief minister, was decidedly of the ruder me, or else to have time to make my prepara- to him that doth wrong to the innocent: Allah the Rajah of Benares from his horse, single- order. But since the death of that estimable tions." Then out of the arena marched the terrible handed, in the jungle, and he it was who first personage, Jack Jones, alias Shacka Khan, from "Your son will stay with me," said the Prince, "Then you will never see your child again,"

shuddered violently, and the assertion seemed "I never had dyspepsia myself," answered Without a word, the tiger-tamer bowed low, back Burrhea. Your road lies yonder, through to make his parting salaam, and this time it "If she has drunken of the mystic goor, the country, and there is nothing so good for it as stepped forward, and said, boldly, in English: was graciously returned by the Rajah, who re- goddess has claimed her for her own," said the air and exercise. Your Highness should take a "Your Highness must not hurt the child." thin man, his face working nervously.

ed the soldier. "He will be an easy prey to a solemnly. "Begin—let me see—next week." "I don't want to hurt the child, major. I leads than you think," he retorted in significant woman, and she will gain experience." Then he sunk listlessly back, and observed to like him. I keep him for hookah-bearer." "And why do you wish to be the executioner | Khoda Khan, in his native tongue:

after a pause. Clear and hard came the answer, in low, in-"He killed my father. The goddess has given

work with the victims."

He produced from under his long robe a small | Burrhea." the pit with the mattock, in the same solemn there.' "Go after him," he said to Khoda Khan, "or "Go after him," he said to Khoda Khan, "or "I pay you to train soldiers, not for advice," advice, "and the sacrifice. When I was a soldiers, and the sacrifice. When I was a soldiers are soldiers, and the sacrifice. When I was a soldiers are soldiers, and the sacrifice. When I was a soldiers are soldiers, and the sacrifice. When I was a soldiers are soldiers are soldiers. the earth was completely smoothed down, the understood the language perfectly; and his face send after him, and have the door to the secret cried the Rajah furiously. "Here is my advisoccupants of the tent passed over it in a meas- grew grave. He knew Burrhea to be the largest passage ready to open if Burrhea gets the worst er, the vizier, Khoda Khan. Yonder man is a ured, rhythmic sort of dance, chanting a low and most ferocious tiger in the Prince's menage of it. song to Kalee; the vailed woman alone remain- rie—a brute so vicious that it had only the day

ing motionless. and the whole party rushed out of the tent into | bars of its cage and clawed the man's scalp off the open moonlight, where they began to cry with one stroke, as if in pure malice, and then out to Kalee once more, till they had called went on feeding, quietly. The Rajah seemed

short time, facing the moon and intently listen- the Jungle, that he actually rose up and waddled ing for a sound in the silent jungle. Presently away to the inner court of the palace, while a

loud roar of a tiger, and the silent circle was ap- gether. parently agitated by emotions of great anxiety, Major Charlton followed the Prince slowly, the vailed woman in particular trembling vio- with a frown on his face. swered from the opposite quarter, and the set that grand fellow at this brute without any watchers fell on their knees in the moonlight preparation. If I see any signs of danger I'll inand poured forth low but rapid prayers to the terfere, if I lose my place for it." terrible goddess, their faces glowing with fanat- But he said nothing aloud, for he knew the ical enthusiasm and joy.

and the one to slay him is here."

the vailed woman kneeling beside him. cred goor chat."

tims. The others shall attend thee, and Kalee profoundly before him. shall prosper the sacrifice. When the soldier is "You call yourself King of the Jungle, slain, Govinda shall follow, for the goddess has hear," he observed sardonically. said it. Disperse!"

one by one the silent figures arose and stole after | sweet voice. "Men call me Jungle Rajah, Tihim through the jungle in the direction of Jag- ger King, and such titles: I only answer to the

and watched them, muttering:* "The omens have deceived ye, for I have seen | tiger living."

CHAPTER III. THE RAJAH RAM SING.

The Rajah had finished his dinner and was enjoying himself with his ministers and guests in his palace. Everything that wealth and bar-Immediately every man in the tent was on his baric magnificence could supply to please the feet amid a solemn silence. The muttering of senses was around him. He lay on pillows of prayers ceased, and all directions were given by | cloth-of-gold, his fat body robed in the coolest the goats toward the square pit, within which | while the diamond aigrette of his turban gleamthe mystic lamp was burning, and the whole ed like a star. He was smoking the most deliparty watched them intently, when it was seen | cate Latakeeah tobacco from the snaky stem of that they must have both recently come out of a splendid hookah, and a gold cup of sherbet the water, for they were dripping wet. It seem- stood beside him, while a bevy of graceful ed but a trivial circumstance, but every one in Nautch-girls, were dancing before him. And the tent stood staring at the two animals, as if yet the great man did not seem to be happy, for much depended on their behavior. Presently his face wore an expression of decided ill tem-

of spray, and a deep sigh of relief burst from Major Charlton, smoking another hookah, was every human being in the circle. The old man seated at a little distance in an American cane motioned to the soldier, who handed him his rocking-chair, one of the odd contrasts to be razor-like tulwar or sword; and a moment later seen in most native palaces; where French the animals' heads were drawn forward and clocks and Yankee notions; Sheffield pistols and they were neatly beheaded, the blood being Damascus scimitars; suits of Saracen chaincarefully caught in the pit, where it collected armor and brand-new Paris pianos, jumbled together in quaint confusion, tell of the conflict of Then it was that the silence was first broken ideas in modern India, trying to imitate its English conquerors. Charlton was the only "The Goddess accepts the sacrifice and tells man seated save the Rajah, for the ministers of us to go forth and kill more Brethren; the great | the Prince were obliged to wait on him bare-Kalee is hungry and needs sacrifices of men. footed and standing.

Behind the couch of the Rajah, with the usual obsequious smile on his lip, was Khoda Khan, "I have one, the white stranger who is cap- the prime minister; and to him the great man tain of the guards of the Rajah of Jagpore. He addressed his first audible remark since dinner. "Send away those girls. They can't dance

The minister rushed forward with officious "But he is a Frank," objected the old man. | zeal and fell on the poor dancing-girls, shout-

Whereat the poor girls fled in dismay, and the

man, eagerly. "He carries a lac" of rupees in thing to amuse me I am tired and have a pain

And the Rajah laid his hand on his stomach and the old man bowed his head and said, slow- and groaned, while the corners of his mouth went down lower than ever. Major Charlton smiled slightly, under his

tawny mustache, as he muttered to himself: "Dyspepsia, and no wonder." But the great man's ear was quick, and he cried out, in English: "What the debbil you say, major? You

* The Phansigars or Thugs of India believe that if any human being, not one of their own order, see the mystic lamp when they are making their offering to Kalee, or finds the victims, or if the shadow of any living thing falls on the offering, some great misfortune will overtake them within the year. They also believe that any person, not a Thug, who drinks of the mystic goor, a secret beverage of the goddess, can never leave them, but must follow the business of strangling forever.

† Professional dancing girls of India.

"I was saying," replied the white gentleman,

calmly, "that your Highness had dyspepsia. It is common in my country.' "What dippepsia?" he inquired. "You have "Well, Govinda," said the Rajah, who had irons to help you."

ride every day."

"Let her be tried on the Major Sahib," growl- "Dat's de ticket," assented the great man, ly, and then replied:

before mangled a keeper who was giving it food. Then, on a sudden, the light was blown out, The tiger had made a sudden pass between the now to be so much pleased at the prospect of After that, every one stood stock-still for a seeing a fight between Burrhea and the King of dozen attendants started off to execute his Far off to the left in the jungle sounded the orders and bring the tiger and his tamer to-

lently. Almost immediately the roar was an- "By heavens!" he muttered, "it's too bad to

Rajah's disposition and his own influence too While they were still kneeling, the old man | well to speak at the wrong time. rose and spoke aloud in a measured, solemn | Meantime the whole of the attendants had

followed the great man down a cool marble cor-"The goddess is propitious at last, and the ridor to the side of an inner court that resemvictims will be sacrificed. The first will be the | bled a huge well, about thirty feet deep and sixwhite soldier that they call the Major Sahib, ty broad, lined and paved with stone, and circular in form. At the sides of this pit opening As he spoke, he laid his hand on the head of on the court below, were several iron doors and around the top ran a gallery which led to "I myself will be with thee, oh daughter of the zenana or woman's part of the palace. The the stranger," he continued. "Behold the sa- Rajah found his soft couch already laid for him at the edge of this gallery, and he had hardly He took from his breast a narrow scarf of silk, taken his seat before the lofty form of Govinda. doubled to a length of about two feet, and the tiger-tamer, escorted by several slaves, and

knotted in a peculiar way. "I will be thy leading his child by the hand, approached him. holder of hands, and Khoda shall carry the holy The Rajah looked lazily up, scanned the tall mattock," he concluded, "the kussee given by figure of the king of the Jungle" for a mothe goddess Kalee to dig the graves of the vic- ment, and then nodded, as the other salaamed

"I call myself Govinda, the servant of the Without another word, he strode away, and Merciful One," replied the tamer in a deep, name of the Slave of the Merciful One."

As they did so, a man who had been lying hid- "Well, well, you think yourself one of the den in the grass behind the tent rose to his feet | greatest men in the world," said the Rajah, sneeringly. "You think you can conquer any "I can do nothing save by the will of the

Then Govinda, the tiger-tamer, followed the Merciful One," said the tamer reverently. "He closes the mouths of beasts, and gives courage to the heart of man." "Well, we shall see if he will give you help

now," said the Rajah with the same cold sneer. "I wish you to go down to that court and tame my best tiger, Burrhea. They are bringing in his cage now. There he is."

As he spoke, one of the iron-doors opposite opened, and the end of a cage on wheels was shoved out, within which leaped and ramped a great gaunt tiger, uttering fearful roars of rage. The tamer looked quietly at the beast, and the next moment a long rope and hook were let down from above, which lifted up the end of the cage like a portcullis. Charlton uttered a stifled angry oath as the tiger leaped out into the pit and ran raging around, while the iron

door slammed-to, as the cage vanished. If Seevah had been a magnificent tiger, Burrhea was evidently a ferocious one, and his gaunt look told that he was hungry, as he ran round and round the pit, leaping up and falling back in vain attempts to scale the hard stone.

"Well, Govinda, Slave of the Merciful," asked the Prince, sarcastically, "can you tame that tiger before us all?" Govinda looked calmly and reflectively at the

raging beast below, and then replied: 'I have done it already. I know the tiger. He came to your Highness a present from the King of Delhi, and your Highness's stupid servants have spoiled his temper. I shall have to tame him again, unless he knows my voice." "Go down to him, then," said the Rajah, foot hard.

coldly. "And to see that you do not escape the ordeal, let your child stay here." As he spoke, he made a sign to Khoda Khan. The latter said something, in a low voice, to the slaves who surrounded Govinda, in a slang

phrase, that Charlton did not understand. It sounded to him like: "Look after the straw." Instantly, four men were on the tiger-tamer, each seizing one of his limbs, assaulting him so suddenly that he was helplessly thrown on his face, while the boy was snatched away from

him to the side of the Rajah. The tiger-tamer, in this helpless condition, was carried back, and Charlton noticed that he did not attempt to struggle, but kept his eyes fixed on the Rajah, silently. Then the young man glanced at Khoda Khan and beheld that individual's face transformed, as it were, to the face of a fiend, his black eyes glaring wildly, while his fingers clenched and unclenched nervously on a scarf which he held in his hand behind the chair of the Rajah. He seemed as if crazy to fly at the prostrate Govinda, for some reason or other. Involuntarily, the young man rose from the carpet on which he had been sitting and stepped between the two, looking Kho-

da full in the eye. "What are you going to do?" he asked, sternly. Instantly, the face of the wily vizier cleared up and he bowed low, saying:

"Nothing, Sahib, nothing." As he quickly tucked away in his girdle the ends of the little scarf he had been twisting in his fingers, Charlton noticed that one end was knotted, but that was all; when Khoda Khan said, in the same low tones which had produced the seizure of Govinda:

"Prophet Mohammed."

tamer let him go and set him on his feet, while cape." one, as they fled.

watched all this strange episode, with his cruel The tamer looked up into the eyes of the enthusiasm, throwing the child a second brace- deep tones of the priest, solemnly. Charlton smiled, for the Prince's English, hav- smile, "are you ready to go down to the tiger?" Prince as firmly as if he had been his equal or

beast, with slow, stately steps, proudly waving made me drink of the terrible goor." delirium tremens, Rajah Ram Sing had always coldly; "but you shall have what time you replied the Rajah's cold, cruel tones. "I shall need. Go down."

Not till then did the great tiger-tamer advance | to produce a profound impression on her hearers. | Charlton; "but many people have it in my turned and left the presence, when Charlton that door." The Rajah looked at him a moment, doubtful- Govinda smiled bitterly.

> of Govinda?" asked the white bearded priest, "Well, have you found anything to amuse fellow and patted him affectionately. The I swear on the faith of a true believer to bring child had been perfectly still all the time, with a | them back to you. Will you let them come?" "Light of the world," replied the minister, coolness strange in his years, the result of fre- "Consider, your Highness," cried Charlton in salaaming deeply, "I would suggest that your quently performing before crowds, and when English, "it is not much the poor fellow asks. Highness have a little fun with this great tiger- the great man fondled him, he turned a serious Let him have his child and his tigress." tamer, who has the boldness to call himself King pair of dark eyes on the Rajah Ram Sing and "Go to the debbil," roared the despot angrily. "Be it so," said the old man, reverently bow- of the Jungle. Would it not be well to put his smiled slightly. Then the smile faded away in-

of the Moguls. It had long since fallen into implement resembling a mattock in shape, and The Rajah actually started and smiled.

Charlton felt just as anxious himself, and the Charlton could hardly help laughing, even in the Charlton felt just as anxious himself, and the Charlton could hardly help laughing, even in the Charlton felt just as anxious himself, and the Charlton felt just as anxious hi gave it to the thin man to hold. Then he re- suspense became agonizing to him as he noticed the serious nature of the situation, at the Prince's moved the mystic lamp from the pit, and cast fully. "Burrhea is a bad beast. Send for him the evident terror of the child and waited for seaport slang, and he answered in the native in the carcasses of the two animals, in dead and this Govinda at once and have the appearance of Govinda below. Minute after language: silence, when the thin man proceeded to fill up | brought out into the inner court. We will go | minute passed, but still no tiger-tamer, and the | 'Let the poor man have what he asks, for my

Rajah stirred uneasily on his couch.

phant smile. As he passed Charlton, he sneered ed: slightly and said: "We shall soon see whose star is brightest, thine or mine, American Sahib."

CHAPTER IV.

TAMING A TIGER. Charlton was for a moment puzzled. He knew that Khoda Khan was jealous of his influence with the Rajah, but the minister had never before dared to show open hostility. Charlton had lived in India several years, and had entered the service of this native prince to train and command his guards, which he had done so well that he had become indispensable. As an American, there was something mysterious about him to the Hindoos, which added to the awe with which he was regarded; and he had always made the sensual tyrant treat him as respectfully as the British Resident,* with whom Charlton was on excellent terms. Yet

to-day Khoda Khan dared to sneer at him. While he was thinking over the circumstance, a sudden hush in the court below showed that something had taken the tiger's attention, for it had ceased roaring and had its eyes fixed on one of the iron doors. A moment later, came three thundering knocks; the door flew open, and into the court stalked Govinda, the tiger-tamer, carrying in his hand an iron rod instead of his

Instantly, Burrhea crouched down, and the man strode toward him, shouting, in stentorian

"Down, Burrhea, down! Couch, sir!" The animal seemed to be puzzled to know what to do, and hesitated, as if it half-recognized the voice, till the tamer was within two or three feet, when it uttered an angry snarl, rose up, and made a savage claw at Govinda, like a huge cat. Up went the black rod, touching the paw, and Burrhea uttered a furious roar and leaped back, snarling and spitting, but evidently cowed.

"Hot irons!" muttered Charlton, as he recognized the effect, but the next moment his attention was again riveted on Govinda. The tiger was by no means conquered, for it snarled and roared furiously: but the undaunt-

ed tamer followed it, thrusting the hissing iron right into the angry jaws, till Burrhea fairly turned tail and fled, Govinda following the beast up and scolding loudly all the time. The Rajah smiled with pleasure, for the exciting scene made him forget his dyspepsia; and so the tamer chased the tiger round the court

till he came to the narrow door by which he had entered. Burrhea made a dash for this door but was intercepted by his conqueror, who disappeared for a moment, only to return with a second rod, glowing fiery red at the tip, in one hand, and his great whip in the other. As he came out, Govinda gave a backward kick to the iron door and closed it with a bang, thus shutting himself in with the monster.

shouting all the time, the tiger growling, roaring, and striking at him, but met at every pass by the terrible iron in the hands of the fearless Govinda. As soon as the animal turned, the trainer used his whip with fearful effect, cutting bloody gashes in the shining yellow hide, and driving the creature round the court. In another moment, Burrhea stopped and

crouched, as if to spring, uttering a roar more ferocious than ever, which was stopped by the iron held firmly to the nose of the tiger. Instantly, the roar changed to a cry of pain, down went the nose of the brute to the ground, and from his swoon of terror. Burrhea turned over on his back, uttering a peculiar whining sound and holding up his paws in the air like a dog begging for mercy. Then Govinda, the tiger-tamer, drew back to the middle of the court, and held up his whip.

"Come, Burrhea!" he cried, and stamped his Instantly, the animal obeyed, cowering with "By Jove! he's done it!" cried Charlton, joy-

Not yet," answered the Rajah himself. He pointed down, and Charlton saw a door open in the side of the court. Burrhea saw it too, and was off like a flash through the opening before the tamer, taken by surprise, could inter-

cept the brute.

The Rajah Ram Sing laughed in his cold, heartless manner, and it was echoed by the oily chuckle of Khoda Khan, who glided to his place beside the Prince's chair just as the tiger "That passage goes under Jagpore out into the jungle," said the Rajah, coolly. "We shall

bring him back to me single-handed, for I swear by the head of Mohammed that I will keep this child till he does." Charlton made no reply. Govinda stood for a moment staring at the open door and the dark passage beyond, like one thunderstruck. Then

the tamer turned and spoke aloud to the

* The British government keeps a minister at the court of every prince in India, called the "Resident," whose office is to watch the doings of the natives and report if there is any danger to British power, brewing among them. Though nominally independent, all these princes pay tribute to Calcutta, and the his orders are always put into the form of "advice," or "requests" to the native Rajah, or Nawaub, or whatever he may be called.

"I can tame tigers," he said proudly, "but Instantly, the men who had hold of the tiger- not traitors. Your men have let the beast es-

they flitted away down the corridor into the "I ordered them," replied the Rajah, coolly. palace, as if they feared being seen, but not be- "You must go and bring Burrhea back alone. slapping her mighty jaws, and walked to the "Nevertheless," persisted the Voice of the late prisoner had looked keenly at every You call yourself the King of the Jungle; let us see if you can quell Burrhea now, with no hot

will avenge it.' What if I fail in my quest?" keep your tigress and the boy till you bring

As he spoke, he pointed to the dark door through which Burrhea had just vanished.

"Perhaps I know better where yonder passage tones. "But let it pass. I will capture Bur-As he spoke, he put his arm around the little | rhea, but I must have Seevah and Ali to help me.

ing his head. "Let the omens decide it. To powers to the test? He has one beast under to a look of anxiety as he gazed down into the turning purple with rage. "What—shiver my very good control. Suppose we try him with court at Burrhea, who was ramping around like toplights—who are you? Son of a sea-cook—I

sake, your Highness." magician who has the evil eye. Send him The vizier bowed and retired with a trium- away." Then turning to the court, he bellow-

"Go, dog! Fetch Burrhea or lose your tigress, your child, and your head!" "I will give up neither," shouted back the now angry tiger-tamer. "You keep Seevah! Fool, I loosed her before I went in. Hark!" He blew on a small whistle hung from his neck a long shrill call, and it was instantly an-

swered by a loud roar from the interior of the The Rajah started and shrunk back on his pillows, ashy pale and quaking with fear, for the direction of the sound told that Govinda

spoke truly. Seevah was loose in the palace! Khoda Khan fled, uttering howls of terror, and the whole crowd of the attendants ran in all directions, leaving their master alone with Charlton and the child Ali. Only the American stood his ground, and even he turned pale and trembled as he heard the roars of the great

beast, coming nearer and nearer. However, with the instinct of a soldier to defend the man whose bread he eat, Charlton ran to the side of the Rajah, who still lay quaking and unable to move; and snatching up a shield

and sword, stood over him to protect him. Again Govinda whistled, and Charlton could hear the heavy body of the tigress racing through the passages, while she roared loudly; and the frantic shrieks and shouts of men and women showed that Seevah was already among them. Then came a sudden rush of people, falling prone in their efforts to escape and all screaming wildly, while over the press galloped the huge tigress, with her back and tail arched like a cat at play, and bounded to the edge of the court, where she stood looking down at her master, roaring louder than ever.

ated: it was so grandly beautiful, till the tamer made a sign and the tigress ceased to roar. Then she stood there, looking down, while a dead silence fell on the whole palace, in the midst of which the tiger-tamer spoke to Charlton, in very good English, like that of a welleducated man:

Charlton gazed at the picture like one fascin-

"Major Charlton," he cried, "I am not what I seem, but you have done your best for me, seeming as I was. You shall be rewarded yet. Here, Seevah!" Instantly, the great tigress leaped down into

the court and rubbed up against her master. "Major Charlton," continued the mysterious tiger-tamer, "dare you brave the Rajah and let me down my child?" "I can and will," answered the soldier, bold-

As he spoke, he threw down his weapons, took the child in his arms and carried it to the edge of the pit. The sheer, smooth descent of the walls puzzled him a little, but he was a man of ready expedients.

In a twinkling, he had snatched off the enormous turban of one of the frightened attendants, who still lay on his face quaking, and pulled out That done, he went at Burrhea fiercely, a strip of more than a dozen yards of white calico. Knotting one end hastily round the child's waist, he let it down to the father, who stood below, little Ali being perfectly quiet and brave all the time. In a moment more, Govinda had caught the

> boy to his heart. Then he turned round to Charlton. "I will remember this," he cried. "Meantime, remember my words: Beware of Khoda Khan and the Thugs! I shall return!" Then tigress, man and child vanished through the dark portal, just as the Rajah looked up

[TO BE CONTINUED.] John Burroughs on "Cows."

Blessed is he whose youth was passed upon the farm, and if it was a dairy farm his memories will be all the more fragrant. The driving of the cows to and from the pasture, every day and every season for years-how much of summer and of nature he got into him on these journeys! What rambles and excursions did this errand furnish the excuse for! The birds and birds' nests, the berries, the squirrels, the woodchucks, the beech woods with their treasures into which the cows loved to wander and to browse, the fragrant wintergreens and a hundred nameless adventures all strung upon that brief journey of half a mile to and from the remote pastures. Sometimes one cow or two will be missing when the herd is brought

home at night; then to hunt them up is another

adventure. My grandfather went out one night

to look up an absentee from the yard, when he

heard something in the brush and out stepped a see if your friend there can catch Burrhea and bear into the path before him. Every Sunday morning the cows must be salted. The farm boy takes a pail with three or four quarts of coarse salt, and, followed by the eager herd, goes to the field and deposits the salt in handfuls upon smooth stones and rock and upon clean places on the turf. If you want to know how good salt is, see a cow eat it. She gives the true saline smack. How she dwells upon it and gnaws the sward and licks the stone where it had been deposited! The cow is the most delightful feeder among animals. It makes one's mouth water to see her eat pumpkins, and to see her at a pile of apples is distracting. How she sweeps off the delectable grass! The sound of her grazing is appetizing; the grass betrays all

its sweetness and succulency in parting under

her sickle.—Scribner for November.

THE PRAIRIE RIDE.

BY MARGARET STEWART SIBLEY.

Across the prairie, toward the west, We rode at day's declining; What radiant pictures we beheld In heavenly ether shining!

How blends the purple, rosy light, And melts into the golden, Across the azure, crimson bars, Like some escutcheon golden.

The prairie seems a grassy lake Where countless islets cluster; Green sumac clumps that wear not yet The autumn's scarlet luster.

Across the billows swift we float-Across the flower-decked grasses; While "Bob White" and his frightened mate Hide till the wonder passes.

The varied tints of budding leaves, The long, cool shadows lying Across the grass, weird shapes of clouds Before the breezes flying;

The plaintive call of whip-poor-will, The mourning dove's complaining The doleful tale the katy-did Repeats, no answer gaining;

Each sight, each sound our souls possess With sense of summer's being: And Nature wears her choicest dress For those with eyes for seeing.

The splendor fades, the amber pales To neutral tint uncertain, And swiftly, fold on fold, descends The evening's somber curtain.

But still our good steeds gallop on O'er phloxes and verbenas; The quiet holds us like a charm, No word is said between us.

Sweet stars above, sweet flowers beneath, Shine in the twilight faintly, While rising in the dusky east The moon grows white and saintly.

We turn our horses' heads for home Beneath the wind's cool kisses; Will life or earth e'er yield again A joy as pure as this is?

Unheeding care or toil or grief. The world's vain show forgetting, In breathless calm borne swift along, No other joy regretting.

What need of speech to tell our thoughts? Our hearts grow meek and lowly, And nature grows a myth—'tis God That fills the silence holy!

Tony's Dilemma.

A Young New Yorker's Adventure.

BY ARTHUR LEVERING.

"Is that you, Antonio?"

one of the most daring and reckless boys in the boy to the house.

stirred by a pleasant breeze, and the water look- feeble voice. swimming alone. So he continued to stroll about | street will never see you again!" the wharves, walking out on a long dock, and "Kneel down, my son," continued the old thinking what a splendid night it would be for man. "My sight is so dim that I cannot see Sportsmen and Adventurers—are the "heroes" of

Near the end of the long dock a float was give you my blessing." moored, and at the side of the float lay the neat- Surely there was no getting out of the scrape. est and fanciest sail-boat that Tony had ever | Tony's supposed father was as badly deceived seen, and he had seen many. Her hoisted main- as the others, and it was evident that the end of sail and her long bowsprit showed that she car- the affair had not yet come. It was not worth ried a broad spread of canvas. As Tony looked | while to offer any explanations in the presence down on her, he grew covetous all at once.

"Is that you, Antonio?" There were two men in the boat, one sitting Tony knelt as he was told to. the lips of the latter that this question came.

"That is my name," replied Tony. "Come on, then. We have been waiting for | content." you a long time.

hour behind time." "Are you sure that there is no mistake?" time. Jump in, now, and the Lucy will take spoke."

boat of her size that sails the bay." sail it would be! Tony had never yet treated he had just left, meagerly furnished, and with person as Crockett. But he certainly existed, This they repeated again, until the blankets. After starting, the blankets slipped himself to a sailing excursion at night, and he no carpet on the floor. The blinds were closed and not less certain is it, that his life was truly hunter became so enraged at their conduct that to the mare's left side, and flapped upon her had fallen in love with the Lucy as soon as he tightly, and a dim light was burning. On a eventful, but not to such a degree as the above he determined to shoot the leading dog at least. flank at every jump. The saddle also turned, saw her. There must be some mistake, but the small table he saw a revolver and a long, bright would seem to indicate. temptation was a great one.

friends of his whom he could not recognize in dark complexion. This young man also ap- Lone Star State, upon whose altar flowed the repeated their provoking stratagems in order monkey, and, urging on the frightened animal, to jump down and take a closer look at them. and shirt-front were open, showing the skin, and hero and patriot.

worrying about possibilities?

passed the Battery. he spoke.

altogether safe or profitable for him to betray of the scrape? too much ignorance and confess himself an im- "Come, Antonio," said the man who had sack of meat and bread, and thus provided for carcass thither. Four horses were necessary for

I meant to say." "About half-way to the Narrows." It seemed strange, indeed, to Tony, that an reached the river, it was spread out before him pounds.

replied the boatman. "There's a little dock, that he should be made the instrument for any one from venturing into the chilling with plenty of houses near by. Your folks told bringing it to a bloody termination, almost water; but Crockett did not hesitate. He us to bring you down and land you at the dock, within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Po- waded until the channel was reached, which he

It was probably nothing but Tony's intense | time to lose." curiosity to see how the adventure would turn Then there came back to Tony all that reck- could pass the slough, the other side could be completion. Several ironclads also have been hight of 20,000 feet, and natives living near out that kept him from being seriously troubled less daring and quick presence of mind, for reached. In the slough was a small island in lately launched, but have not received their Mount Demarend, near Teheran, frequently by the situation of affairs. He had left some which he was so well known among his com- ordinary times, and a sapling stood beside the armaments. To these, four cruisers have been climb to the summit, above 20,000 feet, to gath-

could these other "folks" be, and how would determined to tread it. he had allowed himself to be mistaken for some handy with knives. I prefer the pistol." other person, and had obtained a free passage down the Bay on false pretenses?

higher than anything he had yet experienced, understand. The Lucy was running like a race-horse, with He understood it pretty soon, for the next to his waist. But, by great care he succeeded in way through the water. The moon was shining, hand. the air was just cool enough to be pleasant, and "For your life!" he said, as he cocked the quick as lightning, precipitating Crockett into what could possibly be more enjoyable? Tony pistol. felt that he would be willing to run almost any The young prisoner was not more surprised with a gasping "ugh!" but maintained his footrisk for the sake of such a splendid sail.

the future!" mainsail and jib were hauled close, the Lucy was Brown, an American, born and bred, and no little expected the love of hunting would lead to have round on a rainy day when some one brought up into the wind's eye, and she pointed Zacconi at all, and I don't intend to murder any him to such hazards. her pretty nose toward the Long Island shore. | man at your bidding. Clear out! or I will put | He secured the powder, intending to return In a few minutes the jib was sent down, the a bullet into each of you quicker than you can the next morning; but the weather became so mainsail fluttered, and the fairy-like craft say Jack Robinson." intensely cold that he was persuaded to defer the

a small boat-house. "Jump out, and be quick!" exclaimed one of was added the attitude of the released prisoner, the second day was found to be colder than the the boatmen, and Tony was so startled by the who, with the long and keen knife in his hand, former. The third day found the temperature order that he obeyed it at once. As he reached was evidently ready to fight for his life. the dock, the Lucy turned on her heel, and head- "Clear out, I say!" exclaimed Tony, and the mily were suffering, determined to delay his reed out into the bay.

"Now for those 'folks' of mine," thought Tony and his new friend. Tony, as he looked around. There they were—one of them, at least—a burly, black-bearded, foreign-looking man, who can and the Corsican lost no time in making would bear his extended form, and finding it road ever run in the United States, was in

the boy. "Is this Antonio?" he asked. "My name is Antonio Brown," replied Tony, were fairly out of sight of the house. who had suddenly resolved to make a desperate

effort to stop the adventure. "No more disguise is needed, Antonio; I am for saving my life." your father's friend, and your secret is safe "Never mind that. I suppose it was what ing. Over this he now passed safely, as it was with me. He has not long to live, and wishes some people would call a special providence. frozen in the ice; over the submerged log he also to see you at once."

and Tony was forced to the conclusion that he thing to do." must see the affair through, cost what it might. "It was a brave and noble act. But we must as though some animal had preceded him, and Besides, the foreign-looking person, who evi- make haste to get away. Those men will get he followed in "the wake." dently did not know him any better than the weapons and help, and will pursue us. They The shore was at length safely reached, but boatmen did, and who had the appearance of a are like bloodhounds." Crockett had nearly perished with cold. His pirate in citizen's clothes, was not the sort of a . "Let them come. I am not going to run garments froze to his body, and he made his way man with whom a boy of sixteen would care to from them. We can easily keep out of their forward with the greatest difficulty. His limbs

thing will come quick and sharp." stone building, surrounded by trees, which pre- that Tony reached his home. When he told the young man in his employ, when searching

those very faint. Opening the large central door, they entered But he also had a living witness of his exploit, life. Tony Brown had been strolling about the a handsome hall, from which they passed into a and thereafter he had a firm friend in Matteo That night, after the THAW, Crockett had a

wharves on the North river side of New York | darkened apartment at the left. The room was | Xanfredi. richly furnished, and a fire of cannel coal was His maternal parent, who was fond of high- burning in the grate, although the night was sounding names, had caused him to be christen- quite warm. On a high bed was an old man, ed Antonio; but, of course, he was known to pale and emaciated, propped up with pillows, young New York as Tony. He was also known and at the head of the bed sat another foreign to his acquaintances as one of the most good- looking man, who did not differ much in apnatured and easy-going, but, at the same time, pearance from the man who had brought the

"Antonio is here," said Tony's conductor. It was a lovely moonlight night, the air was "Bring him to me," said the old man, in a

ed very tempting. Tony thought that he would "Now for "!" thought Tony, as he was led to Great Game of our own hunting grounds will be pre- fort; but a genuine hunter is never frightened like to take a swim; but there was no fun in the bedside. 'Brace up, old boy, or Twelfth

of those two piratical persons. Besides, it would quainted in a greater or less degree, with the

"Waiting for me?" asked the boy in wonder- by the hand and led him away, followed by the man. "Well, it's unnecessary to waste your vent to a long, peculiar whine, and darted away, man who had been seated at the bedside. "Yes, waiting for you. You are half an "The tug of war is coming now," he thought. coon quietly descended, and, cringing at the what these actions meant, and started after

Hardly had he tumbled into the stern sheets, Tony at once jumped to the conclusion that a was living "in the woods," surrounded by bears, Crockett's eye sparkled as he caught sight of heels. The darkey was delighted with his sucwhen the bow-line was cast off, the jib was run | murder was about to be committed, and that | deer, Indians, and all the life that goes to make | the brute. Dropping his turkeys, he started on | cess, but declares he will "nebber ride wid up, and the Lucy fairly shot out of the slip and the young man in the chair was the proposed up the inhabitants of the forest. Hunting was a run, the dogs cantering and barking beside dem cussed blankets no mo'." away into the river. Tony perceived that he victim. But he would not have guessed at the a pastime in which he could indulge to his him. These manifestations alarmed the bear, was "in for it" then, and that there was proposition which was then addressed to him. heart's content, and it is hardly necessary to who started off on a lumbering trot and plunged

nothing left to do but to make the best of the "Antonio Zacconi," said the man who had say that his spoils were abundant. Deer, elk, into a thicket before Crockett could reach him. situation. The man who had been at the bow | brought him up from the river, "there sits Mattee | turkeys and partridge loaded his house at each | When the beast again came to view, Crockett came aft, and Tony was obliged to admit that | Xanfredi, the last of the ancient enemies of your | return home, and his family larder was ever | saw him climbing a large tree. Reaching a they were both strangers to him. They had the race, as you are the last of the house of Zacconi. richly provided with luxuries which now are limb, he coolly seated himself with his breast appearance of respectable boatmen, and such he | He is in your power, and has been kept that he | rarely attainable by the city epicure. His duty | toward the hunter. The latter stole along until had no doubt they were. There was surely may receive his doom from you. Take the knife, was to hunt the game named—his delight was within seventy or eighty yards, when he raised

to have a splendid sail, and what was the use of Tony had read of Corsican vendettas, and tures. knew what they meant. Four things were at In December, 1822, Crockett found his powder | when the bear came tumbling to the ground. The wind was easterly and pretty strong, and once made plain to him by the little speech to had given out. Matters were thus brought to a catching his favorite dog in one of his deaththe Lucy, headed down the bay, slipped through which he had just listened. Firstly, the people stand-still until more could be procured. His hugs. Crockett dropped his rifle, and, armed the water in just the sweetest style imaginable. among whom he had been so strangely brought brother-in-law resided six miles west of him, on with his knife and tomahawk, rushed forward, "Where are we going to?" asked Tony, who were Corsicans. Secondly, his name was sup- the opposite side of a fork of the Obion. Crock- intending to end the battle at once. As soon as had enjoyed the sail in silence until the boat posed to be Antonio Zacconi. Thirdly, he was ett determined to visit him for an additional the wounded animal caught sight of his enemy expected to kill the bound and helpless young supply. A great rise of the rivers had taken he let go the dog and made for the man. Crock-"I suppose that you know as much about man in the chair. Fourthly, he was fully deter- place-lands were overflowed-the current of ett, fully aware of the hugging propensities of that as we do," answered the boatman, to whom | mined that he would do nothing of the kind. | the stream was rapid. Knowing that the at- | bruin, made a rapid retreat to his gun, which he There was one thing that was by no means plain tempt would be likely to keep him out for seve- loaded and fired into the bear the third time. Tony began to doubt whether it would be to aim, and that was: How should he get out ral days, he did up a small bundle of clothes, a This finished the game immediately, and the

spoken, "there is no time to be lost. Let the "a time," started.

dering what had become of him. Who, then, In an instant he had marked out his course, and a forked sapling, which he managed to lodge

"Take the pistol, then." The problem was too much for Tony. In the still held the knife in his left hand. As he did went back and got his rifle. Climbing up to the language of Artemus Ward, he treated it as a so, he turned his face toward the man in the tree, he succeeded in placing his feet upon the conundrum, and gave it up. He also gave him- chair, and smiled and winked. The prisoner submerged log, and commenced crossing it. self up to the full enjoyment of the sail, which answered him by a look of amazement, as if This was a difficult and delicate proceeding. was, to use his own expression, a notch or two this was something that he could not pretend to The water beneath the log was nearly a dozen

the wind on her larboard quarter, both her big move Tony made was to slip behind his chair getting over, when he reached another slough, sails rap full, her gunwale in the wet, carrying and cut the cords by a dexterous slash of the across which a log was floating. Upon this he a fine bone in her mouth, and fairly cutting her | knife. Then he put the knife in the prisoner's | mounted and cautiously made his way out, un- 45,000.

"If the future can't do it, so much the worse for leveled pistol.

rounded to at a little dock, on which there was Tony's determined look and his cocked revol- trial until the succeeding day. The weather ver were enough to decide the point, and to this continued growing more and more severe, and

two men turned and fled, closely pursued by turn no longer. When he reached the water, he

stepped out of the boat-house and approached their exit at the front door of the house and would not, commenced cutting his way before Truckee, Nevada, the other day. This road was reaching the road.

Mattee, "that I do not know how to thank you the ice before him, until he reached the log

"Oh, Cæsar!" thought Tony, "when I see going to get back to the city. I suppose you are when he reached his door. Here his alarmed that dying 'father' of mine, the end of this going in the same direction."

Hunters and Hunting;

LIFE IN AMERICAN WILDS.

sented stories of actual occurrences old hunters' yarns-stirring events in the pursuit of Moose, Deer, Caribou, Antelope, Buffalo, Bear, Cougar, Wolf, etc., etc. Celebrated Hunters and Trappers, Amateur you; but I can place my hand on your head and fact and reality, so that readers will be introduced to ferent direction. He went a half-dozen miles up

Col. Crockett's Great Bear-Hunt,

the Trap and the Drive.]

THERE is no one, probably, who is not acbe a case of cruelty to the old gentleman. So fabulous stories that, at one time, existed in relation to the renowned statesman and hunter, down in the stern sheets, and the other standing "You have done well, my son," said the old David Crockett. He was the great hunter, by the mast, and looking about. It was from man, "to answer my call so quickly. You have who, it was represented, slew scores of Indians my blessing. But there is no time to be lost. out of mere sport; who was an absolute terror affray with the red-skin cut-throats; and it was | visible. you down there in a jiffy, for there ain't a faster | He was led into an adjoining room, and the his wife who put a whole tribe of painted sav- | In a moment they dashed on, and were heard | fair, one of the jockeys, who was to ride at 100 door was closed behind him. He then found ages to flight! Such ridiculous stories as these barking in another place, but Crockett found pounds, weighing only seventy, the extra thirty Down the bay at night! What a splendid himself in a smaller apartment than that which have led many to doubt the existence of such a blunder over. pounds was added in the shape of two wet

"I have forgotten the name of the place ancient feud of the far-distant island of Corsica like a sea. The rattling of the icy crust of snow should be thus transferred to within a short under his feet, and the needles of ice that put "It don't own any name that I know of," distance of the great city of New York, and out from the shore, would have deterred almost "folks" in New York, who were doubtless won- panions in the big city at the head of the Bay. log upon which he wished to cross. He first cut added by private subscription.

against the one on the edge of the island. By they treat him when they should discover that "Must I use the knife?" he asked. "I am not means of this, he gradually worked his way forward until he reached the tree, when, by feeling around with a pole, he discovered the log three Tony took the pistol in his right hand, but feet beneath the surface of the water. He now feet deep, and above it the swift current reached til he reached the middle, when it rolled over as the chilling water to his chin. He went down than were the two other men at this sudden hold and his rifle. After a time he reached the "Let the future take care of itself," he thought. turn of affairs, and they fell back before Tony's land, where he changed his clothes and made a desperate attempt to get up a trot to restore cir-"You infernal assassins!" he exclaimed. "You culation. He reached his destination in the When Fort Hamilton was in plain sight, the have picked up the wrong party. I am Antonio evening, to the amazement of his friends, who horn, Wis. What a handy thing this would be

below zero. But Crockett, fearing that his fafound it frozen over. It bore him until he had They passed through a side door into the hall, gone several yards, when he broke through. He "I am so astonished and bewildered," replied when he went through again. Again he broke three years old. which had served him so treacherously in cross-When I had to choose between killing you and made his way as before, the current running so Clearly there was no getting out of the scrape, turning you loose, of course there was only one swiftly as to prevent the water from freezing. From this point he noticed that the ice was open,

way. I am only bothered to know how I am were so benumbed that he could hardly stand wife met him, and under her affectionate care They had a tiresome tramp to Brooklyn, and he soon "thawed out." The track which he had His conductor led him up the bluff to a fine it was not until after sunrise the next morning noticed broken in the stream, had been made by sented a solemn appearance in the moonlight, strange story of his night's adventure, his for him. His prolonged absence had satisfied his with lights in only two of its windows, and "folks" were not ready to believe it, although | wife that he must have surely drowned, and he had brought home the pistol as a trophy. his reappearance was like the dead returning to

> wonderful dream about a BIG NEGRO. This, the facturers. Among the big prizes is a ton of hunter maintained, was an infallible sign that he was to have a battle with a bear. Through his satisfactorily.

In this series of Adventures and Sport with the | would be attended with some personal discom- | proved to be dummies with waxen heads. by such trifles. Accompanied by a couple of companions, Crockett set out. The former deciding to hunt for turkeys alone, our hero left them, and, calling off his three dogs, took a difmany a noted character and many a thrilling or ex- the river, then struck across the mainland to the citing episode of the Chase, the Still-Hunt, the Trail, Obion, several miles distant. Reaching this, he went down-stream, the sleet stinging his face like the fall of shot, and his progress becoming more and more difficult as he pressed further

into the wood. Shortly after, his dogs starting a flock of turkeys, Crockett shot a couple of the finest and slung them over his shoulders. He kept on down the river, until, feeling tired, he sat down upon a fallen tree for rest. He sat thus but a few minutes, when his attention was arrested by the Go and do your duty at once, that I may die to the "varmints" of the wood; and to whom a singular action of one of his dogs, who ran to a 'coon that he had treed once said: "Are you log, and, after smelling around it for a few mo-Tony rose to his feet as his conductor took him David Crockett?" "Yes, sir," replied the sports- meuts, pointed his nose to the sky, then gave powder. I will come down!" Whereupon the followed by the other dogs. Crockett knew "This thing can't go on much longer. I would hunter's feet, made an unconditional surrender! them. In a few moments he heard them barkgive a solid summer out of my life to know what He was the Indian fighter who used his TOE-NAIL ing clamorously, and, coming up, found they "Of course I am. My watch keeps good that 'duty' is of which the old gentleman as a whetstone when about to engage in a bloody were barking up the wrong tree, as no game was

With his mind fully made up to this, he hurried and, in his effort to right it, the jockey—a juknife. Seated on a chair near the table, with The name of Col. Crockett is engraven upon forward until he reached the edge of a small venile edition of the Fifteenth Amendment— "Jump down, Antonio. Time's up." his hands tied behind the back of the chair, was the records of Congress, and is among the prairie, when his eyes were greeted by the sight lost one of his reins. Nothing daunted, the Tony thought that the two men might be a young man with black hair, black eyes, and brightest names in the dogs had darkey clung to the mare's back like a circus the uncertain light. It could surely do no harm to jump down and take a closer look at them. The peared to be slightly humpbacked. His vest that the hunter might keep up with them, as that the hunter might keep up with them, as that the hunter might keep up with them, as the peared to be slightly humpbacked. His vest that the hunter might keep up with them, as the peared to be slightly humpbacked. His vest that the hunter might keep up with them, as the peared to be slightly humpbacked. His vest that the hunter might keep up with them, as the peared to be slightly humpbacked. His vest them better than to attack them. his face was as pale as death.

At the time of which we write, Col. Crockett | the formidable animal alone.

nothing to be afraid of. Besides, Tony was not and with one blow end the long vendetta of the hunting bears; and in the prosecution of this his rifle and fired. The brute gave a start and in the habit of being afraid. He was certain Zacconis and the Xanfredis." sport he met with many exciting adven snort of alarm, but maintained his position. Crockett immediately loaded and fired again, pair of moccasins, shoes and stockings, a knap- hunter started home for means to transport the the service, and Crockett states that, in all his "But how far is it?" he asked. "That is what deed be done at once, that your father may die | Several inches of snow were upon the ground, hunts, he came across but one bear that exceedthe air was keen and cutting, and when he ed this in size. He weighed fully six hundred

> THERE have been twenty-eight attempts on the lives of royal personages and rulers during the last thirty years.

and we are well paid for the job, and the Lucy | lice District. He took the long knife from the | crossed upon a fallen tree, and then brought up | development of the Russian navy. One hundred | it an altitude of 24,200 feet, Mr. Minchin setting will take you there in fine style, and that is all table, and mused as he tried its keen edge with on the edge of a deep slough, where there had torpedo boats and numerous cruisers have been it at 21,224 feet, and Mr. Wiener himself makwe know about it. Of course your folks will his fingers.

formerly been a log upon which to cross, but meet you at the dock, and take care of you."

formerly been a log upon which to cross, but meet you at the dock, and take care of you."

formerly been a log upon which to cross, but meet you at the dock, and take care of you."

formerly been a log upon which to cross, but meet you at the dock, and take care of you."

formerly been a log upon which to cross, but meet you at the dock, and take care of you."

formerly been a log upon which to cross, but meet you at the dock, and take care of you." Here, Crockett felt, was the tug of war. If he America, and two ironclads are on the point of on the Himalayas often chase their game to the

Ducks are plenty on Cayuga Lake.

A WHITE squirrel was shot in the woods near Fluvanna on Monday. A cow exhibited at the recent Seneca county

fair was only twenty-eight inches in hight. A squirrel hunt at Holland Patent, Oneida county, the other day, resulted in a count of

A WRITER in Land and Water tells how an exasperating donkey was kept from braying b" a weight appended to his tail, for it seems that a donkey always must lift that appendage 7hen he brays. A TOADSTOOL fifty-four inches round and

weighing thirty pounds, has been found at Elkhad stolen your umbrella. A BLACK bear, weighing 175 pounds, was

killed near Kiskatom, Greene county, last week. He was first caught in a trap, and finally killed after two balls had been ledged in his head, and a blow with an ax had been inflicted. In 1831, at New Haven, Professor Silliman drove into a small maple tree a staple upon

which to hang a lantern. The other day the staple was found inside a block of wood, and for a while the people wondered how it got

him with his tomahawk. Reaching a place operated between Albany and Schenectady, a "Now you are safe," said Tony, when they where the ice appeared thicker, he clambered distance of sixteen miles. The first trip was upon its surface and skurried ahead a few yards, made in March, 1831. Nixon is now seventy-

THE first oil-producing well in this country was that put down by Col. Drake, in 1859. He struck oil at a depth of sixty-nine feet. No oil was exported until 1861, and then only 27,000 barrels, valued at \$1,000,000. The export last year was valued at \$62,000,000. Kerosene oil now lights the path of every civilized nation on

THE driver of what the English call a "van" was lately surprised in London by a large orangoutang suddenly jumping into his vehicle. He attempted to take the fellow into custody, but it escaped and afterward attacked a costermonger in the street, upset his barrow and smashed his crockery. The animal was captured after a severe struggle with several men.

Among the prizes offered in the Paris Exposition lettery, according to the last list in the Journal Official, are an "anti-neuralgic hat," twenty-five boxes of gum, a man's waistcoat, two statues in chocolate, a box of raisins, twelve medicine droppers and a pair of leading-strings for children, the gifts of exhibitors and manupaste and a 100,000 franc set of diamonds.

Two expert Belgian smugglers recently ran eventful life he never knew the omen to fail; the blockade at Messincourt with 1,200 pounds and, having thus been warned, he determined to of tobacco. It was concealed in a carriage make every preparation for performing his part | with armorial bearings, two fine horses, and a laced coachman, who cried out, "This is the A heavy fall of rain during the preceding | Count of Flanders' carriage!" with such dignity, night had turned to sleet toward morning, and that the officers shrunk back after taking a rethe shrubbery and bushes were bent and inter- spectful perfunctory glance toward the occulocked with ice, so that it was evident the sport | pants, two ladies in black, that afterward

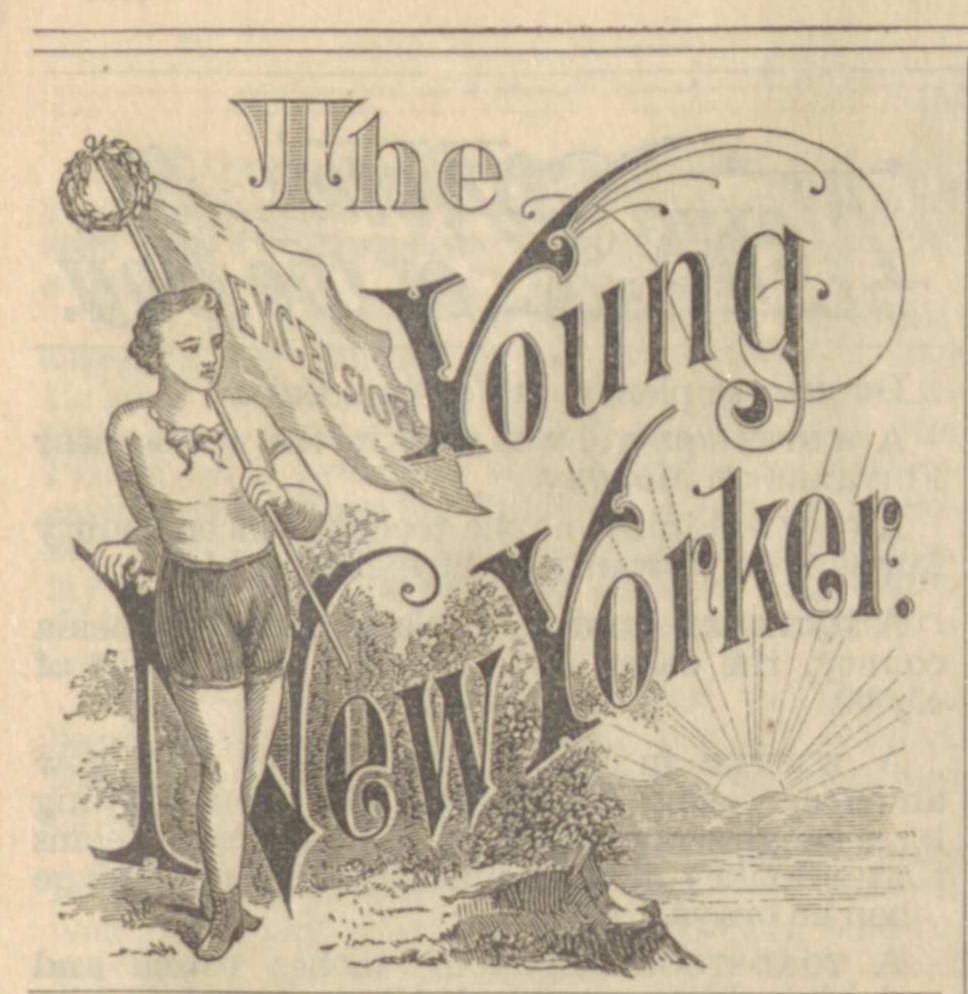
THE game of ball, in some shape or other, is traced back as far as 334 B. C. In that year Darius, of Persia, demanded of Alexander the Great, of Macedon, a tax of 1,000 golden eggs. The Macedonian king promptly refused, whereupon Darius sent a bat, ball, and a sack of small seeds—the first two to ridicule his youth, and the last to represent the great number of the Persian army. The bat is represented as having the appearance of the ordinary snowshovel with the handle cut in two.

A PRIVATE letter from Saigon, China, of date 17th August last, states that a fatal occurrence took place on board a Leith steamer at Saigon, about the beginning of that month, as follows: A Chinaman went down the hatchway on the cargo, and at once dropped down dead; an Englishman followed to render assistance, and he shared the same fate; a third, a fourth and a fifth successively descended, and all—one Chinaman and four Englishmen-succumbed to the unknown and mysterious influence. It turned out that the cause of the fatality was carbonic acid gas, generated from a wet cargo of pepper and some kind of bark. The cargo had been on board only three or four days.

In a race at the late Ballard county, Ky., belly and the blankets were dragging at her

THE Eddystone Lighthouse is situated on the Eddystone rocks in the English Channel. The first lighthouse was built in 1696 and stood until November, 1703. Mr. Winstanley, the architect, with a party of workmen, went to it to make some repairs. A terrible storm arose on the night of the 26th and not a trace of the lighthouse or its inmates were ever seen afterward. A second building was begun in 1706 and completed in 1709. This one was destroyed by fire in December, 1755. In 1756 Smeaton was commissioned to rebuild it. He selected the form of the oak tree as comprising the greatest strength for the model, and stone as the material. The work was attended with great difficulties, but was finally accomplished in 1759, and the lighthouse has stood for 100 years, a monument to the skill of its architect.

THE greatest altitude which has been reached by mountain-climbers was attained in Cashmere by Mr. Johnson, who some years ago mounted to a spot 22,300 feet above the sea. Aëronauts have ascended 30,000 feet, and returned in safety. It is supposed by mountaineers that 25,000 or 26,000 feet is the utmost hight that will ever be trod by human steps. That life can be supported at this altitude has been proved by the adventurers who have dared the dangers of the upper air in a balloon. During the last summer M. Wiener ascended Mount Illimani, one of the loftiest peaks of the Bolivian Andes. The hight of this mountain has THE present year is a memorable one in the been variously estimated, Mr. Pentland giving er sulphur from the crater.



MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1878.

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aim to produce a paper which shall meet a general and increasing want of a literature furnishing the boys of America, and those nearing manhood, healthy reading instead of the pernicious and poisonous stuff that has too long disgraced the country in the columns of

so-called "Boys' Papers." All boys love Athletic Sports. God put the love of active movement, adventure, travel and exercise into their minds to stimulate them to improve their bodies. The growing body needs trout they would give him a dozen bites. Woodactive work to develop its muscles and make the boy into a healthy man, able to work hard, take his place in society and live to a good old age, happy and respected. The lad who does not love to run and jump, play base-ball and shinny, cutting-blocks. There are hundreds and thou- intricate arithmetical questions seemed almost and, though the water was very deep, succeeded swim in summer, skate in winter, ride a horse when he gets a chance, wrestle, box and fence in good nature with his friends, row and sail and amuse himself by all sorts of active exer- down upon their victim as a hawk does upon its after which he studied engineering under Henry jury, save a few scratches.—Middletown (Del.) cises, has something morbid about him. All healthy boys love these things and God meant them to love them.

times recognize this fact, and the great increase true, the coming winter will be about 5,000 of athletic sports among the Young Men of Thermometers will be entirely inadequate to America, within the last ten years has been mark the cold, and snow-plow men will not attended with the happiest effects. THE Young lack employment. NEW YORKER will endeavor to take advantage of the great interest now felt by all classes of A Girl Blown Three-Quarters of a Mile. our people in these sports to turn the attention of our boys into a healthier channel. In doing Neb., says: "A peculiar incident occurred here this it will aim to give only the good and healthy a few months since, the particulars of which I have just learned. It was on the day the medetails of athletic sports and recreation, leaving out of sight all questions of gambling and bet-

It will treat of Pedestrianism as calculated to improve the speed and endurance of the average young man. This will include running and jumping feats of all kinds, with practical advice how to pursue these sports with the most benefit and the least danger to wind and limb.

Base-ball, Cricket, Tennis, Lacrosse, and other games with ball will receive full and competent treatment at the hands of a well-known expert, who is regarded as "authority" in the field and by the press.

boating will be treated in an equally competent many as eight times during the trip. Exhaust-

Shooting, both with the rifle and shot-gunfishing, archery and the sports of the field will also receive proper attention. And while the exercise of the body will thus

receive competent and careful handling, THE

Young New Yorker will aim to interest and develop the minds of its patrons and readers to excite in them a thirst for knowledge. The romance of History, Travel and Adventure, authentic incidents of Army and Navy life, Hunting Adventures, the Manners and Customs of people of Strange Countries, the Romance of Natural History-in a word every Topic of Healthy Interest will be used to give our readers a taste for genuine and invigorating literature. To occupy this field and fulfill our purpose of

presenting the Best and Most Commendable Boys' Paper ever published in America, will of course entail a great expenditure of time and money and the utmost care in the conduct of the paper, as to choice of contributors and the selection of competent hands to do its special work; but considering their unequaled facilities, in all these respects, the publishers may confidently promise a strict fulfillment of all here announced.

The Rival Oarsmen.

The rivals of the late contest are both widely known as successful oarsmen. Hanlan, the win- ciculture is intended to be tried on one of the ner, is several years younger than Courtney, estates of the Marquis of Exeter, the naturalizahaving been born at Toronto, in 1855. He is of | tion of the American black bass. A large num-Irish descent, 5 feet 8 inches in hight, and ber of this fish have been brought over from New weighs about 150 pounds. He pulls a quick, York in the steamer Spain, of the National line, nervous, but powerful stroke, and has immense and it is expected that they will take readily to strength and endurance. When a boy he dis- their new home. They were placed on the pasplayed great fondness for rowing, but it was sage in an improvised tank, the water of which not until 1873 that he made his first appearance | was kept constantly fresh by the injection of air in a shell, and won the amateur championship of at intervals of ten minutes. The passengers Toronto Bay. He has since taken part in many and crew had an opportunity of witnessing an regattas, and earned fame by sheer merit. interesting exhibition of instinct on the part of This year he has been very successful. In May | the piscine emigrants. A large cat-fish, having last he beat Plaisted in a three-mile race at been caught, was placed in the tank, whereupon Toronto; in June he defeated Morris, in a five- the bass immediately combined their forces and mile race, at Pittsburg, in 37 minutes 58 seconds, commenced an attack on the intruder. They at and afterward beat Plaisted, Riley, Luther and first charged at his head, but, finding themselves others, in regattas at Brockville and Cape St. | becoming worsted, changed their tactics and Vincent. In July last he rowed a return match | took him in flank, and soon succeeded in vanwith Ross at St. John, N. B., for \$1,000 a side, | quishing him, completing the victory by deand beat him easily. Hanlan is an intelligent, vouring him at leisure. It is stated that the affable man, and greatly esteemed by rowers in Canada and this country. It is said that he finest flavor of all the fresh water fish of Ameriwagered every dollar he had on this race, and ca.-Public Opinion, London.

also induced his relatives and friends to back him with all the money they could control. His rival, Charles E. Courtney, is considerably taller and stouter, his hight being six feet onehalf inch, and his usual weight 168 to 170 pounds. He was born at Union Springs, N. Y., 1849, and in his youth learned the carpenter's trade. He first attracted attention as an amateur sculler, ted, the number of acres burned over was 194, winning fame at home and abroad by his remarkable skill. He was victor in seventy-three amateur races, and was never defeated. His professional career began in August, 1877, and in the month following he won the championship of the United States. He has since been successful in about eighteen contests. He suffered two defeats, owing it is claimed to fouls, the principal one being that at Silver Lake, Mass., last August, when he was beaten by "Frenchy" Johnson, the colored oarsman. He pulls a long and sweeping stroke and shoots through the

The Coming Winter.

and endurance.

water like a rocket. Although large and mus-

cular he is not awkward. He sits in his shell

with grace, and is endowed with great pluck

been heard from just in time to prevent embarrassing mistakes. His architecture is of the lofty, Mansard roof variety, indicating plenty this is a sure thing.

some days been unendurable, because a myriad gradually and are lost in the morning mist. of yellow-jackets would cluster around the fisherman, and for every nibble received from the men or railroad men who have happened upon fly is carried off to the yellow-jacket's nest. It is said to be an old and true saying among backwoodsmen that the more yellow-jackets there All great educators of Ancient and Modern | are, the harder will be the winter. This being

A correspondent, writing from Columbus, morable cyclone passed over Lone Tree and Clark's. The sky was streaked in the northwest with vivid flashes of light, and a terrible rumbling sound made known that a dreadful storm was imminent. A massive black cloud was extending a whirling finger toward the earth and sweeping with great fury whatever came before it. Jennie—a girl who was working at a certain hotel here—was busy at the stove preparing for the next meal. Hearing a rattle at the side door, Jennie went to the door and opened it. As she did so, she was caught from the doorway by the whirling wind and carried over the house, turning round and round in the air as she went, and after approaching the ground on the other side, she again rose and was taken by the whirling wind over the stores and dwellings a distance of three-fourths of a mile, being lower-Rowing, sailing and all the other branches of ed so that her feet could touch the ground as ed, but in an erect position, she was at last lowered to the earth as lightly as a feather would fall, having received no material injury, though almost frantic with fright. The storm proceeded on its way, leaving her in sight of the town, and in half an hour, she again put in an appearance at the hotel, where anxious friends were bewailing her sudden and mysterious departure.

An Eagle Story.

The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle says that Alva Piatt, the young taxidermist, of Livonia, Livingston county, has a gray American eagle that has a history, and was captured under peculiar circumstances. It has been an inhabitant of the shores of Conesus Lake, for the past two years, and dozens of hunters have had shots at it without bringing it down. A tramp was in swimming near the foot of the lake on the east side, when this female bird attempted no less a feat than the capture of a naked tramp. She came upon him with the intent of a war of extermination. The poor fellow ran out of the water for his life, pursued by this self-appointed officer, and but for finding a good club he might have been in a few moments hors du combat, He states that he had a fierce struggle before he conquered. The bird measures six feet, two inches from tip to tip, and is believed to have had protect, or to furnish with a meal of man flesh. Two weeks ago Mr. Piatt shot at an eagle, and a feather a few inches long was cut by his bullet from one of the wings, and now he finds that this feather fits a notch in the bird's wing. He found a bullet of good size in the bird's breast, entirely surrounded by good sound flesh; also several buckshot, one of which had almost penetrated the brain. He will have her carefully mounted and on exhibition as soon as practica-

American Black Bass in England. An experiment of considerable interest in pisChicago's Sad Anniversary.

The Inter-Ocean, Oct. 9th., says: Seven years ago last night Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over a lamp in Chicago.

Seven years ago to-day the larger part of the city lay in blackened ruins. In the West Division, where the fire origina-

and there were 500 buildings destroyed. In the South Division the number of acres thus swept was 460, and the number of buildings destroyed, most of them very elegant and costly, was 3,650, including 1,600 stores, 28 hotels, 60 manufacturing establishments, and the homes

of 22,000 people. In the North Division 1,470 acres were burned

over and 13,300 buildings consumed. The total area of the burnt district was nearly 31-3 miles square, containing 73 miles of streets and 18,000 buildings. The total loss was \$196,000,000.

Storm Warnings.

The mysterious lights in the gulf and the lower St. Lawrence, which are firmly believed by the fishermen to be a warning of great tem-The Sauk Rapids Press says, the muskrat has | pests, have, according to the Montreal Herald, been unusually brilliant this year. It is said to be a fact, established by the experience of a century, that when these lights blaze brightly in of cold to the square inch during the approach- the summer nights the fall is invariably marked a chevalier by the French Government, although ing winter. Now, stock up your wood-piles, for by great storms. They give the appearance to he gave the Paris press a free lunch, with real spectators on the shore of a ship on fire. The champagne, and the Paris people free perform-The Truckee Republican on the same subject | heavens behind are bright, and the clouds above | ances which combined the marvels of a Heller THE Publishers of THE Young New Yorker has to say: The mountains are full of yellow- silvered by the reflection. The sea for half a and a Blondin. Floating in the Seine, he projackets this summer. They sting the horses and mile is covered with a sheen, as of phosphorus. duced from his water-proof buoy carrier-pigeons cattle till the poor animals become furiously The fire itself seems to consist of blue and yel- which he let loose, a gun which he loaded and desperate. They gather about a person in the low flames, now dancing high above the water fired, and a small stove on which he cooked a woods, as would a swarm of musketoes. If and then flickering, paling, and dying out, only meal-thus implying that prudently equipped you let them crawl over you and bite pieces of to spring up again with fresh brilliancy. If a shipwrecked persons can hereafter live on fried flesh out of your hands and neck without at- boat approaches, it flits away, moving further fish in any part of the ocean, while they employ tempting to brush them off they will not sting out, and is pursued in vain. The lights are their leisure in firing off signal-rockets or guns you. The average human being, however, feels | plainly visible from the shore from midnight | of distress. irresistibly inclined to brush them off, and so until two in the morning. They appear to come gets unmercifully stung. Trout-fishing has from the sea shoreward, and at dawn retire

Death of the Calculating Boy.

nests have been stung so badly that in instances Parker Bidder, a well-known civil engineer, but A boy named Frederich Hilabum, who was they were unable to work for a day or two. better known many years since as the celebra- standing near, immediately pulled off another The butchers are compelled to feed these wasps ted Calculating Boy. He had completed his plank, threw his arms around the pump stock with refuse meat in a certain portion of the seventy-second year. He was considered one of and slipped rapidly down to the water, grasped shop, in order to keep them from covering the | the wonders of his age, and his skill in solving | the child as it was sinking for the third time, sands and millions of them everywhere in the miraculous. Old George III. and Queen Char- in holding himself, as well as the child, above it mountains around Truckee. They effectually lotte had him at court and were delighted with until ropes were lowered to him, by which he kill off the flies. It is rare sport to watch their his precocious skill. He was withdrawn from was safely drawn out. The child is less than maneuvers, when catching flies. They swoop public exhibitions and educated at Edinburgh, three years old, and, strange to say, escaped inprey. Their aim is generally unerring, and the Robertson Palmer, founder of the Institute of I Transcript.

Civil Engineers. He became connected with the Stephensons in the early days of railways, and the government constantly consulted him on pressing and important matters connected with his profession. In 1866 he gave a lecture before the British Association on Calculation, in which he naively accused himself of "irritability of temper.

Indian Cattle Thieves.

An Apache climbed into a corral in Utah, where 400 cattle were kept, and hid until the gate was opened in the morning to let the herd out. Then he sprung on the nearest horse, waved his red blanket and yelled like a demon. In an instant every beast made a rush and the stampede was begun. The horse, frightened, darted into the midst of the flying cattle. As in a frenzy they went through the gateway, the Apache clasped his arms around the horse's neck, and throwing his body on one side of the maddened brute, disappeared from view. A thousand men in column could not stop that rush of the crazed herd. Two bands of Apaches, darting out from opposite sides of the valley, closed up from behind the herd and drove them away.

Paul Boyton, the Diver.

Paul Boyton, the diver, has not been made

while standing on the well-curb, was, by the breaking of a rotten board, precipitated to the The death is recorded in England of George | bottom of the well, a distance of forty-five feet.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God." It is rare, we regret to say, that one sees combined in the person of a professional base-ball player, the qualities of honesty, good-nature, young eagles near by, which she was striving to and great fielding skill. But there is one player at least who possesses this happy union of great skill in every department of the game, in batting, fielding and base running, with thorough integrity of character and a fund of good-humor which renders him as pleasant a companion on the field as in the club-house or the home circle, and this player is George Wright, the model short-stop of the professional fraternity.

Before giving our account of his career, we submit a brief sketch, hurriedly prepared by himself, which with characteristic modesty, tells the story of the early days of his career. In a recent letter to us George says:

"You ask me to send you a sketch of myself, but I don't know that I can tell you anything different from what you know of me, as you have almost watched me from the cradle up. But I will give you some items that may assist you

I was born in Harlem, N. Y., January, 1847. When quite young-ten or twelve years of age-I moved to Hoboken, N. J., where father was placed in charge of the St. George's Cricket Grounds. There I first commenced playing cricket under a large grape-arbor, father and his cricket friends frequently bowling to me. Father used to cut old bats down so that they would be the proper length for me. After living in Hobothe place to a brick house that now stands with its back to the present cricket grounds. There is where learned most of my cricket, and also base-ball. There used to be open lots on the side of the house where Harry, Dan, Sam and myself would get up mornings early, and play—Dan and Harry before going to N. Y. City to business, and Sam and I before we went to school. Oftentimes in the winter we a model occupant of the position of short-field. have swept away the snow to play, while our hands, A loving son to his aged parents, a devoted huswith gloves on, would stick to the bat from the frost. Most of the time we played with a rubber ball. This is where our early knowledge of cricket and baseball came from. The first cricket match I ever ball ing him first in the list of our biographical played in was with the Third Eleven of N. Y. Club. | sketches of noteworthy base-ball players, which

A Boy Hero. A child of G. F. Brady, of Delaware City,

GEORGE WRIGHT.

about fourteen years of age, and not much taller than I first commenced my base-ball career in the Go-tham Jrs., from which I was taken into the Gotham Seniors, playing my first match with them at the age of fifteen against the Star Club of Brooklyn, I play-

ing the position of left-field. While playing with the Gothams, I was made assistant Professional of the St. George Club, getting off now and then to play in match games of baseevery Wednesday to play base-ball with the Ole Olympic Club of that city. While in Philadelphia Eleven of the United States against Canada, the United States Eleven winning by one wicket. During 1866, I played with the Unions of Morrisania. In 1867 I was in Washington playing with the Nationals. In 1868 I returned to the Unions. In 1869 I joined the noted Cincinnati, where I played for two seasons. During this time I filled the positions of catcher, pitcher, second and third baseman, left-field and hort-stop. In 1871 I was the first player contracted with to come to Boston, which club I have played with up to date, October 1878. During this time I have been in the champion clubs nine years altogether, Unions one, Cincinnati two, and Boston

George Wright has been short-stop of the Boston nine from May, 1871, to Oct., 1878, with the exception of one year (1876), when he played at second base in a majority of the season's games. He was also captain of the Boston nine during the past three seasons. This year ends his membership of the Boston team, as he has accepted a liberal offer to manage the new team of Providence for 1879. George Wright's chief characteristics are strict integrity of character band, and a genial companion on the field, we against the Second Eleven of Manhattan, I being | will be duly continued as occasion offers.



Special Notice.-THE Young New Yorker is prepared to answer questions on all the subjects treated of in the paper. Competent writers have been engaged for our departments of sports, pastimes, athletics, etc., so that our readers may depend on correct information.

We shall be pleased to receive accounts from school and college clubs of contests in athletics of all sorts, of shooting and fishing excursions, whether of parties or of single persons, and to publish the same if of interest to our readers. To insure their publication, our correspondents will do well to bear in mind the following rules:

I. Write upon one side of the leaf only. Why? Because it is often necessary to cut the pages into "takes" for the compositors, and this cannot be done when both sides are written upon. II. Write clearly and distinctly, being particularly

careful in the matter of proper names, and words from foreign languages. Why? Because you have no right to ask either editor or compositor to waste his time puzzling out the results of your careless-

III. Don't write in a microscopic hand. Why? Because the compositor has to read it across his case. at a distance of nearly two feet. Also, because the editor often wants to make additions and other

IV. Don't begin at the very top of the first page. Why? Because if you have written a head for your article the editor will probably want to change it. and if you have not-which is the better way-he must write one. Besides he wants room in which to write instructions to the printer as to the type to be used, where and when the proof is to be sent, etc. V. Never roll your manuscript. Why? Because it maddens and exasperates every one who touches

it—editor, compositor and proof-reader.
VI. Be brief. Why? Because people don't read long articles. VII. Always write your full name and address plainly at the end of your letter. Why? Because it will often happen that the editor will want to com-

municate with you, and because he needs to know the writer's name as a guarantee of good faith. If you use a pseudonym or initials, write your own name and address below it. To these rules we will add some special require-

ments in reports of matches.

We want to know: I. Place, name and date of match.

II. Conditions in full, rules, etc. III. Prizes in order. IV. Prize winners and their time, distance, or score.

according to contest. V. Description of match. These topics should be in separate paragraphs, plainly written, especially as regards names and numbers. The description should be short. For shooting contests at glass balls give always

place, date, name of club, name of competition, kind

of trap and balls used, distance of rise, boundary, rules governing, and weather. N. B.—We do not undertake to decide wagers, nor to deal with anything involving the elements of gambling and betting in any form. Address all communications to Editor Young New Yorker, 98 William street, New York City.

The publishers of The Young New Yorker will always be glad to receive and consider contributions from authors of well-known reputation on subjects suitable for, and congenial to, boys and young men. Such contributions will be given early attention, and early use when found available.

Those who expect to find in The Young New York-ER stories and matter of the kind usually found in the so-called "Boys' Papers," will be disappointed. Its motto is excelsior; it aims to elevate, not to demoralize; its object is to supply a paper that is all that a Home Weekly for Boys and Young Men should be -vigorous, varied, inspiriting, interesting and eminently attractive.

The department of "Boys at Home," to embrace Private Theatricals, Games, Charades, Puzzles, Recitations, etc., etc., will not be a minor feature of The Young New Yorker. Whatever interests and concerns the Young Folks at Home will find a congenial repository and organ in our "Excelsior" weekly.

Amateur Fanciers in Birds, Fowls, Rabbits, Dogs, etc., etc., will not fail to find in The Young New York-ER matter of interest and value to them, for the paper will number among its contributors and conductors, gentlemen Amateurs and Raisers, who have much to say and well know how to say it.

An exceedingly interesting and enlivening series of papers, to constitute a feature in The Young New YORKER, is-CAMPING OUT: How To Do It, Where to Do It, and All About it. It will embrace such data. facts and directions as will particularly interest the novice in such matters, and be full of the fun, sport and achievements of adventure in the haunts of

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Fencing and Broadsword. In brief, everything to entertain, interest, amuse and instruct our Boys and Young Men -to advance them, physically and mentally:a paper that shall have no taint of impurity, but worthy of the confidence and co-operation

of every one who would have a Boys' Weekly sans reproche in their homes and hands. ADAMS AND COMPANY, Publishers,

98 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.



THE SCENE IN THE GLADE.

"CAPT. MAYNE REID'S BEST BOYS' STORY."

GASPAR, THE GAUCHO; LOSTON THE PAMPAS. ization. Not that there was anything very imposing in its architecture; for it was but a

A TALE OF THE GRAN CHACO. BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN," "THE BOY HUNTERS," "THE SCALP-HUNTERS," "AFLOAT IN THE FOREST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I. "EL GRAN CHACO."

SPREAD before you a map of South America. It is the region of "El Gran Chaco." evinced the care and cultivating hand of some Fix your eye on the confluence of the two great | No doubt you have heard the name, and, if a | one else than an aboriginal. rivers: the Salado running south-easterly from | student of geography, know something of the | Entering the house, still further evidence of | the Andes mountains, and the Paraná coming territory so designated. But your knowledge the white man's presence would be observed. down from the north; carry it up the former of the Gran Chaco must needs be limited, even Furniture, apparently home-made, yet neat, till it strikes the town of Salta in the ancient | though you know as much of it as those who | pretty, and suitable; chairs and settees of the province of Tucuman; then along the latter and dwell upon its borders. Whatever of acquaint- South American bamboo; bedsteads of the same, its direct tributary, the Paraguay, to the Bra- ance they may have with it, brings them but | with beds of the elastic Spanish moss, and ponzilian fort of Coimbra; join the two points by a | suffering and sorrow. try on the continent of America. Within these | to colonize, and which still partially submits to | violin and guitar—all speaking of a domestic limits lies a region, romantic in its past as mys- their sway. to reach it from the south, and the disappointed egis of strong military expeditions, the Con- the belongings of the aboriginal: stuffed skins

ploration from the west.

slightly curved line, its convex toward the great You have grown up in the belief that the peo- another species of palm, with here and there a Cordillera of the Andes; and you will have ple of Spanish blood, in their day of grandeur swung hammock. In addition, some books and traced a boundary embracing one of the least and glory, subdued the whole continent of pictures that appeared to have been painted known and yet most interesting tracts of coun- America—or that portion of it they pretended on the spot; a bound volume of music, with a

terious in its present; unknown to civilization as This is a historical misconception. Although, In some of the rooms, as also in the outside when the boats of Mendoza vainly endeavored guided by the thirst for gold, and under the veranda, could be noticed objects equally unlike



TWO SLOW TRAVELERS.

quistadores overran a large portion of the ter- Indians long since tamed and domesticated. He one who dwells upon the banks of the La Plata scarce dared to set foot. Of such a character mayor-domo and man of confidence. Goajiros in the center, the lands of Patagonia and Arauco in the south; as also a vast expanse perous, when a cloud overshadowed his life. seamless, since each was originally the skin of a horse's leg, the hoof serving as heel, with the of Paraguay—in short, the Gran Chaco.

form the seat of an empire, remains to this hour jects. Aware of this, warned also of Francia's alike comfortable and becoming. Spurs, with not only unsettled, but positively unexplored. partiality by frequent visits with which the lat- grand rowels, several inches in diameter, at-For the half-dozen skirting expeditions, timidly ter now deigned to honor him, Ludwig Halber- tached to the heels of these horse-hide boots, attempted and hastily abandoned, do not merit ger saw there was no chance to escape domestic give them some resemblance to the greaves and the name of exploration.

Jesuit or Franciscan. The savages of Gran chilling despair. At length, however, a thought while surmounting his head is a broad-brimmed cross as to the sword.

But why the present neglect of this singular | flee into the Chaco. territory? Is it a sterile waste, like most parts | Ludwig Halberger had no fear of crossing | neck, protects it from the fervid rays of the of Apacheria, and the country of the Comanch- over to the Chaco side, nor penetrating into its | Chaco sun. It is a costume imposing and pices; like the plains of Patagonia, and the sierras interior. He had often gone thither on botani- turesque; while the caparison of his horse is in of Arauco? Or is it a humid, impervious for- zing and hunting expeditions. But for this ap- keeping with it. The saddle, called recado, is est, in places periodically inundated, as the vast parent recklessness he had a reason, which must | furnished with several coverings, one upon anvalley of the Amazon or the deltas of the Ori- needs here be given. Between the Chaco sav- other, the topmost, coronilla, being of bright-

nates; a climate of unquestioned salubrity; and sions the head chief of the Tovas tribe, by name he is—Gaspar, the hero of our tale. a soil capable of yielding every requisite for Naraguana, having imbibed too freely of guar- | It has been already said, that he is in the ser-

a hunter, and not an agriculturist.

dier or miner, missionary or Mameluco.*

the swiftness of birds upon the wing. Disdain- proffered friendship, determined upon retreating at almost anything Gaspar can, for he is maning fixed residences, they roam over its verdant meads, and through its perfumed groves, as the bee from flower to flower; pitching their tents where some sweet spot may tempt them. Savages though they are called, who would not envy them such a charming insouciant existence? Do not you?

I anticipate your answer: "Yes." Let us enter the "Gran Chaco," and partake

CHAPTER II.

THE HUNTER NATURALIST.

NOTHWITHSTANDING what I have said of the Chaco remaining uncolonized and unexplored, I can tell of an exception. In the year 1836, one ascending the Pilcomayo to a point about a hundred miles from its mouth, would there see a house, which could have been built only by a white man, or one versed in the ways of civilization. Not that there was anything very imwooden structure, the walls of bamboo, and the roof a thatch of the palm called cuberta—so named from the use made of its fronds in covering sheds and houses. But the superior size of this dwelling, far exceeding that of the simple toldos of the Chaco Indians; its ample veranda pillared and shaded by a protecting roof of the same palm leaves; and, above all, several wellfenced inclosures around it, one of them containing a number of tame cattle, others under gold-seekers of Cuzco vainly attempted its ex- tillage-with maize, manioc, the plantain, and similar tropical products—all these insignia

of wild beasts and birds; insects impaled on strips of palm bark; moths, butterflies, and brilliant scarabæi; reptiles preserved in all their repulsive ugliness, with specimens of ornamental woods, plants, and minerals; a singular paraphernalia, evidently the product of the region around. Such a collection could only belong to a naturalist, and that naturalist could be no other than a white man. He was; his name Ludwig Halberger.

To explain how Ludwig Halberger came to be domiciled there, so far from civilization, and so high up the Pilcomayo, it is necessary to give his having established this solitary estancia. the Tovas chief. To do so a name of evil augury and ill repute with a rod of iron.

wings of the most beautiful butterflies. honest love, consented to become his wife.

daughter—the former resembling himself, the the action of our tale commences. latter a very image of her mother—enlivened their home with sweet infantine prattle. And as the years rolled by, a third youngster came to form part of the family circle—this neither

name Cypriano. on matters of business. For a business he had; bust, is well proportioned, with strong sinewy trich for some purpose of natural history—the this of somewhat unusual character. It con- arms and limbs lithe as a panther's, while his first he should come across. And here was one, sisted chiefly in the produce of his gun and in- countenance, notwithstanding the somewhat a splendld bird, in full flowing plumage. This, sect-net. Many a rare specimen of bird and embrowned skin, has a pleasant, honest expres- with an observation made, that the ostriches quadruped, butterfly and beetle, captured and sion, evincing good nature as a habitually ami- seem less shy than is usual with these wary preserved by Ludwig Halberger, at this day able temper, at the same time that his features creatures, and are moving away but slowly, deadorns the public museums of Prussia and other show firmness and decision. A keenly glancing cides him to take after and have a try at cap-European countries.

with a tract of land attached, and a fair retinue

*The Mamelukes of South America are a people of mixed race, Portuguese, African and Indian blood, having their head-quarters in San Paulo, Brazil. They were the most noted slave-hunters of the Southern continent, and their history is but a record of cruelty and blood.

ritory of both sections, there were yet exten- had been fortunate, also, in securing the servi- or Parana. Under is another garment, of white sive tracts of each never entered, much less ces of a gaucho, named Gaspar, a faithful fel- cotton stuff, somewhat resembling Zouave

of champaign country lying between the Cor- His wife was still beautiful, so much as to attract | shank shortened and gathered into a pucker for dilleras of the Peruvian Andes and the waters the notice of Paraguay's Dictator. And with the toe. Tanned and bleached to the whiteness Dr. Francia to covet was to possess, where the of a wedding-glove, with some ornamental The last-named territory, large enough to thing coveted belonged to any of his own sub- stitching and broidery, it furnishes a foot-gear, ruin, but by getting clear out of the country. ankle-armor of mediæval days.

No more the feeble efforts of the fathers, For a time he was kept in a state of doubt and All this has he whose dress we are describing; Chaco have refused submission, alike to the came to relieve him-a plan of flight, which hat, with high-peaked crown and plume of rheas

colonized by them-districts in which they low, skilled in many callings, who acted as his breeches, and called calzoneras, these reaching a little below his knees; while his feet and ankles was Navajoa in the north, the country of the In truth, was Ludwig Halberger in the enjoy- are incased in boots of his own manufacture,

promised to have a successful issue. He would feathers-underneath all, a kerchief of gaudy color, which, draping down over the nape of his ages and the Paraguayan people there had been | colored cloth, elaborately quilted; while the Neither one nor the other. On the contrary, intervals of peace—tiempos de paz—during bridle, of plaited horse-hair, is studded with silthe terrain of the Gran Chaco presents every which occurred amicable intercourse; the In- ver joints, from which depend rings and tassels, feature to attract colonization: vast natural dians rowing over the river and entering the the same ornamenting the breast-piece and neck clearings green with nutritious grasses; groves town to traffic off their skins, ostrich feathers, | straps attaching the martingale; in short, the of tropical trees in which the palm predomi- and other commodities. On one of these occa- complete equipment of a gaucho. And a gaucho

the sustenance, as for the luxury of life. In apé, and in some way got separated from his vice of Ludwig Halberger. So is he, and has short, it may be likened to a park, or grand people, became the butt of some Paraguayan been ever since the hunter-naturalist settled in landscape garden, still under the culture of the boys, who were behaving toward him just as Paraguay; in the capacity of steward, or, as the idle lads of London or the gamins of Paris | there called, mayor-domo; a term of very dif-And why not submitted to the tillage of man? would to one appearing intoxicated in the ferent signification from the major-domo, or the answer is easy: because he who holds it is streets. The Prussian naturalist chanced to be house-steward, of European countries, with passing at the time; and seeing the Indian, an dress and duties differing as well. No black It is still in possession of its red-skinned own- aged man, thus insulted, took pity upon and coat, or white cravat, wears he of Spanish ers—the original lords of its soil—a race of war- rescued him from his tormentors.

America; no spotless stockings, or soft slipper like Indians, who have hitherto defied all at- Recovering from his debauch, and conscious shoes. Instead, a costume more resembling that tempts to enslave them-whether made by sol- of the service the stranger had done him, the of a cavalier, or freebooter; while the services Tovas chief swore eternal friendship to his gen- he is called upon to perform require him to be These independent savages, mounted upon fleet horses, which they manage with the skill of the "freedom of the Chaco."

not only a first-class horseman, but able to throw the lazo, catch a wild cow cr colt, and tame the Centaurs, scour the plains of the Chaco with Ludwig Halberger, relying on Naraguana's latter—in short, take a hand at anything. And



WATCHING AND WAITING.

Luckily, his house was not a great way from Why is he riding away from the estancia at must needs be introduced—that of Dr. Francia, the river's bank, and in the dead hour of a dark such an hour—for it is afternoon? On that Dictator of Paraguay, who for more than a night, accompanied by wife and children—taking same day, Halberger and his daughter had quarter of a century ruled that fair land verily along also his Guano servants, with such of his started off to visit the Indian village; and as household effects as could be conveniently they had not returned soon as promised, the Halberger had resided in Paraguay nine carried, the faithful Gaspar guiding and man- anxiety of the wife, rendered keen by a preyears and more. Lover of Nature though he aging all—he was rowed across the Paraguay sentiment which had oppressed her at their was, and addicted to the chase, another kind of and up the Pilcomayo. He had been told that parting, became at length unbearable; and to love found its way to his heart, making himself at some thirty leagues from the mouth of the relieve it, Gaspar has been dispatched in quest a captive. The dark eyes of a Paraguayan girl latter stream, was the tolderia of the Tovas In- of them. penetrated his breast, seeming brighter to him dians. And truly told; since before sunset of No better man in all the pampas region, or than the plumage of the gaudiest birds, or the the second day he succeeded in reaching it, South America itself, could have been sent on there to be received amicably, as he had antici- such an errand. His skill as a tracker is not ex-"El Güero," the blonde—as these swarthy pated. Not only did Naraguana give him a celled by any other gaucho in the Argentine complexioned people were wont to call the Teu- warm welcome, but assistance in the erection of States, from which he originally came; while in tonic stranger-found favor in the eyes of the his dwelling; afterward stocking his estancia general intelligence, combined with courage, no young Paraguayense, who, reciprocating his with horses and cattle caught on the surround- one there, or elsewhere, could well be his supeing plains. These tamed and domesticated, with rior. As the señora said her last words to him For night en years Halberger lived happily; their progeny, are what any one would have at parting, and listened to his in return, she felt all the happier that in due time a son and seen in his corrals in the year 1836, at the time reassured. Gaspar was not the man to make

CHAPTER III.

GASPAR, THE GAUCHO. son nor daughter, but an orphan child of the tends between Halberger's house and the desert- mistress to have gone. For, while riding along, Señora's sister deceased. A boy he was, by ed tolderia of the Tovas, a horseman is seen going at a gentle canter, a cock "ostrich" starts The home of the hunter-naturalist was not in a man about middle age, of hale, active appear- two trotting away over the plain to one side. Assuncion, but some twenty miles out in the ance, in no way past his prime. Of medium It so chances that but the day before his master "campo." He rarely visited the capital, except size, or rather above it, his figure, though ro- had given him instructions to catch a male oseye, coal-black, bespeaks for him both courage turing the cock. Unloosing his bolas from the Beginning life in South America with moder- and intelligence; while the way in which he sits | saddle-bow, where he habitually carries this ate means, the Prussian naturalist had prosper- his horse, tells that he is not new to the saddle; weapon, and spurring his horse to a gallop, off ed. So much, as to have a handsome house, instead, seeming part of it. His garb is peculiar, after them he goes. poncho—the universal wrap or cloak of every together tight, as if he had hard spliced them.

some details of his life antecedent to the time of into the Chaco, and claiming the protection of of-all-work to the hunter-naturalist, as well as his man of confidence.

delay, or come back without the missing one. On this day, however, he deviates from his usual habit, at the same time from the route he ought to take—that leading direct to the Indian vil-Over the broad undulating plain, which ex- lage, whither he knows his master and young proceeding in the direction of the latter. He is up before his horse, and soon after, the hen, the

though not to the country which claims him as Magnificently mounted, for a gaucho would of servants; these last, all "Guanos," a tribe of a native. Draping down from his shoulders and not be otherwise, he succeeds in his intent, spreading over the hips of his horse is a garment after a run of a mile or so, getting close enough of woolen fabric, woven in stripes of gaudy colors, alternating white, yellow, and red, of no fit Winding these around his head and launching or fashion, but simply kept on by having his them, he has the satisfaction of seeing the cock head thrust through a slit in its center. It is a ostrich go down upon the grass, its legs lapped

he makes things more sure by drawing out his been made by his master's horse, the bar being came not back; neither he nor his child. rhea, thus reflecting:

one having care of it.

been wiser. What will the señora say, when master! she knows of my thus dallying-trifling with the commands she gave me? Bah! she won't know anything about it—and needn't. She will, though, if I stand dallying here. I mustn't a minute longer. So up, Señor Avertruz, and lie

At which, he hoists the ostrich—by the gauchos called "avertruz"—to the croup of his recado; where, after a rapid manipulation of cords, the bird is made fast, beyond all danger

of dropping off. This done, he springs upon his horse's back, then looks out to see which direction he should now take. A thing not so easily determined: for in the chase after it, the ostrich had made more than one double; and, although tolerably familiar with the topography of that plain, the gaucho is for the time no little confused as to his whereabouts. Nor strange he should be; since the palm groves scattered over it are all so much alike, and there is no high hill, nor any great emirace, to guide him. Ridges there are, running this way and that; but all only gentle undulations, with no bold projection, or other landmark that he can remember.

He begins to think he is really strayed, lost; and, believing so, is angry with himself for having turned out of his path—as the path of his duty. Angry at the ostrich, too, that tempted

"Avertruz, maldito!" he exclaims, terms in the gaucho vernacular synonymous with "ostrich, be hanged!" adding, as he continues to gaze hopelessly around, "I wish I'd let the longlegged brute go its way. Like as not, it'll hinder me going mine, till too late. And if there'll be a pretty tale to tell! Santissi whatever am I to do? I don't even know the way back to the house; though that wouldn be any good if I did. I daren't go there wit out taking some news with me. Well: there only one thing I can do; ride about, and quarter

the pampa, till I see something that'll set me

back upon my road.

In conformity with this intention, he once more puts his horse in motion and strikes off over the plain; but he does not go altogether without a guide, the sun somewhat helping him. He knows that his way to the Indian village is westward, and as the bright luminary is now beginning to descend, it points out that direction, so taking his bearings by it, he rides on. Not far, however, before catching sight of another object, which enables him to steer his course with greater precision. This a tree, a grand vegetable giant of the species called ombu. known to every gaucho-beloved, almost held sacred by him, as affording shade to his sun-exposed and solitary dwelling. The one Gaspar now sees has no house under its wide-spread branches; but he has himself been under them more than once while out on a hunt, and smoked his cigarrito in their shade. As his eye lights upon it, a satisfied expression comes over his features, for he knows that the tree is on the top of a little loma, or hill, about half-way between the estancia and the Indian town, and

nearly in the direct route. He needs nothing more to guide him now; but instead of riding toward the tree, he rather turns his back upon it, and starts off in a different direction. This because he had already passed the ombu before coming across the

Soon again he is back upon the path from which he had strayed, and proceeds along it without further interruption, riding at a rapid pace to make up for the lost time.

Still, he is far from being satisfied with himself. Although he may have done that which will be gratifying to his master, there is a possibility of its displeasing his mistress. Most certainly will it do this, should he not find the missing ones, and have to go home without them. But, he has no great fear of that; indeed, is not even uneasy. Why should he be? He knows his master's proclivities, and believes that he has come across some curious and rare specimens, which take time to collect or examine, and this it is which has been retarding his return. Thus reflecting, he continues on, every moment expecting to meet them. But as there is neither road nor any regular path between the two places, he needs to keep scanning the plain, lest on their return he may pass them un-

But he sees nothing of them till reaching the tolderia, and there only the hoof-marks of his master's horse, with those of his young mistress's pony, both conspicuous in the dust-covered ground by the doors of the toldos. But on neither does he dwell, for he, too, as were the others, is greatly surprised to find the place deserted-indeed alarmed, and for a time sits in his saddle as one half-dazed.

Only a short while, for he is not the man to give way to long irresolution, and recovering himself, he rides rapidly about, from toldo to toldo, all over the town, at the same time shouting and calling out his master's name.

For answer, he only has the echoes of his own voice, now and then varied with the howl of a wolf, which, prowling around like himself, no doubt wonders, as he, at the place being aban-

After a hurried examination of the houses, and seeing there is no one within them, just as Halberger had done, he strikes off on the trail of the departed inhabitants; and with the sun still high enough to light up every track on it, he perceives those made by the dueño's horse, and the more diminutive hoof-prints alongside

On he goes following them up, and in a gallop, for they are so fresh and clear he has no need to ride slowly. On in the same gait for a stretch of ten miles, which brings him to the tributary stream at the crossing-place. He rides down to the water's edge, there to be sorely puzzled at what he sees—some scores of other horse-tracks recently made, but turning hither and thither in crowded confusion.

It calls for all his skill as a rastrero, with some considerable time, to unwind the tangled below the wide western plain, and he who had discover that the whole horse troop, to whomsocrossing it himself, he sees they have gone back temporary encampments.

mals trampling after. "I wonder what particular part of this beauty The gaucho here turns back; though he in- And after the moon rose, and all night long, -it is a beauty, by the way, and I don't re- tends following the trail further, when he has now and then kneeling before a picture of the A weekly paper, aiming for a circulation member ever having met with a finer bird of made a more careful examination of the sign on | Virgin, she kept repeating this question, ming- among American families in this age, without the breed-but if I only knew which one of its | the other side of the stream; and re-crossing, he | ling with it earnest supplications to the mother | its department of sports and pastimes, would identical parts the master wants, it would save again sets to scrutinizing it. This soon leading of God. me some trouble in the way of packing, and my him to the place where Halberger entered the That night there was no sleep in the house of its success as a journal for family patronage, horse no little of a load. Just possible the dueño sumac grove. Now the gaucho, entering it the absent naturalist. If any, it was enjoyed and deservedly so; for this is an age of proonly cares for the tail feathers, or the head and also, and following the slot along the tapir path, only by his peons—some Guano Indians, who gress, and one of its marked characteristics is beak, or it may be but the legs. Well, as I at a distance of some three hundred yards from gave their services to the estancia. can't tell which, there's but one way to make the crossing, comes out into an open glade, lit But the mother slept not, nor her son, no education, the experience of a century having sure about it—that is, to take the entire carcass up by the last rays of the setting sun, which fall more Cypriano the nephew, who lay awake all conclusively shown that physical culture must along with me. So, go it must." slantingly through the trees standing around. | night thinking less about his uncle than his dear | keep pace with mental education, if the latter Saying this, he lays hold of a leg, and drags There a sight meets his eye, causing the blood cousin Francesca.

the estrich nearer to his horse which all the at one moment to run cold through his veins, in the ostrich nearer to his horse, which all the at one moment to run cold through his veins, in time stands tranquilly by: for a gaucho's steed the next hot as boiling lava; while from his lips CHAPTER V. is trained to keep its place, without need of any issue exclamations of mingled astonishment and THE HUSBAND'S RETURN. indignation. What he sees is a horse, saddled THE morning sun rose red and scowling over our minds at the expense of our bodies, just so "Caramba!" he exclaims, raising the bird and with the bridle also on, standing with neck | the grassy pampa. It rose in the east, above | are our English cousins of the present day giv-Heavy as a quarter of beef! Now I think on't, almost touch the earth. But between them and carry on its face the frowns of the tyrant Fran- ture, to the neglect of that of the mind. To it might have been better if I'd let the beast | the ground is a figure extended at full stretch; | cia. alone, and kept on without getting myself into | the body of a man to all appearance dead; which | The anxious wife may have thought of this, | Field, The Land and Water, and weekly paall this bother. Nay, I'm sure it would have at a glance the gaucho knows to be that of his as she muttered her hasty orison. From that pers of that class in England now—not to men-

CHAPTER IV. A SOLITARY ESTANCIA.

THREE great rivers-Salado, Vermejo, and Pilcomayo-intersect the Gran Chaco. All rise in the Andes mountains, and after running south-easterly, and in a nearly parallel direction, debouch at equal distances into the Paraná

and Paraguay. Although the known mouth of the Pilcomayo is almost within gunshot of the capital of Paraguay—the oldest settlement of the Spaniards in this part of South America—no Faraguayan ever thinks of attempting its ascent; and the people of Asuncion are as ignorant of the land lying along its shores as on the day when Azara paddled his periagua some forty miles against its obstructive current.

No scheme of colonization has ever been attempted upon the Pilcomayo, except far up toward its source. In the Chaco, no white man's town has ever stood upon its shores, no churchspire flung shadow athwart its unfurrowed

And yet, in the year of our Lord 18—, any one who should have ascended this mysterious river, some ten miles above the point reached by the Spanish naturalist, would have seen a house standing upon a bold projection of its bank, that could have been built only by a white man, or one versed in the ways of civilization.

If there can be any doubt as to who are the denizens of this solitary dwelling, it will be set at rest by the sight of three individuals, who, issuing from the interior, take stand on the piazza in front. One is a woman, of fine matronly form, and age not over thirty. While her complexion shows the olive tint of the Spanish-morisco race, her blood is evidently pure Caucasian. She has been, and still is, a beautiful woman; though she carries the subdued look of one who has known trouble or anxiety. Something of the last seems to be upon her now; for her brow is clouded, as she steps forward to the outside railing of the veranda, and stands gazing wistfully over the plain that trends far away beyoud the inclosures of the dwelling.

The other two are youths, nearly alike in age, and both in the advanced years of boyhood. In size they are somewhat different, as also in complexion. The taller one is of slender make, with a skin that would be blonde, but for a surface tint resembling sun tan. Hair of light color, falling in curl over his cheeks, proclaims descent from some northern race, confirmed by the Teutonic cast of his countenance.

The other youth, though shorter in stature, is of more robust make, with a frame knitted for strength, activity and endurance. His complexion is almost as dark as that of an Indian; while his thick black hair gives out under the sunlight a purplish iridescence as seen on a raven's throat. For all this, he is of white blood-such white as is claimed by most Spanish Americans

-still more doubtfully by Paraguayans. The dark youth is a Paraguayan; and so also is he of lighter hue; and so, too, is the lady-like cry about rising to her lips. woman, who is mother of the one and aunt to

the other. It is the fair-haired youth who calls her ached. 'mother;" strange, too, considering her dark complexion. It would be explained if you could look upon his father, who is not at home. It is the absence of her husband that has brought that cloud upon the lady's brow-his, and another's, who is along with him, and who is equally an object of solicitude.

Who the other is will be gathered from the conversation that follows:

"Ay de mi!" exclaims the lady, with her eye still fixed upon the plain, "what can be detaining them? This suspense is very painful." "Don't let it pain you, mamma! I'm sure

they will soon be here. Papa has found something that keeps him. He may have stayed to skin an animal, too heavy to be carried home; or something may have tempted him to go a greater distance than he intended?" It was the son who thus endeavored to cheer

"No, no, Ludwig," replied the lady, "that cannot be the cause. Had your papa been alone—but not with Francesca. You know your little sister is not used to distant excursions, and it's not likely he would take her a long you asleep way. I cannot think of what it is-unlessthey have got lost in the Chaco."

"Well, Gaspardo has now gone after them. He knows every inch of the country for fifty ed up into that face, white and wan under the miles around; and he's one of the best trackers in all South America. If they're only straying he'll soon get upon their traces, and bring them back. Trust the gaucho for that."

Dios! it may be worse. "How worse, tia?" demanded the nephew who, although he had not before spoken, showed quite as much anxiety as either of the others. "Ah! how worse, mamma?" asked simulta-

neously her son. "You forget, my children, that our protectors are no longer in the neighborhood-that Naraguana and his tribe have left their old tolderia* and moved off into the interior. Even your father does not know where they are gone."

"That is true," said the dark-haired youth. "I heard uncle asking Gaspardo about it; and the gaucho could not tell. Somewhere higher up the river, he thought."

"But it don't matter, mamma," said Ludwig, encouragingly; "I'm sure there can be no dan-Ludwig pronounced these words without feel-

ing faith in them. He knew, what did also the others, that besides the friendly tribe of Naraguana, the Tovas-friendly only to them-there were several other bands who roamed over that portion of the Chaco-Mbayas, Guaycurus, and Anguité—all deadly enemies to any one with a He only spoke to relieve the anxiety of his

ever belonging, have re-crossed the ford; and Chaco Indians are so designated, as also their more *A collection of toldos or huts. The villages of the

Riding on up to the great bird, now hoppled up the Pilcomayo river. Among them is one gone out at its rising—taking with him his only and without any chance to get away from him, showing a shod hoof; but he knows that has not daughter, a girl of about twelve years of age—

knife and cutting the creature's throat. Then larger and broader, with the claw more deeply | And Gaspar, sent out after them at a late releasing the bolas, he returns them to the place indented. Besides, he sees not the pony's tracks hour of the afternoon—neither had he returned. from which he had taken them—on the horn of —though they are or were there—and have "Madre de Dios!" again, and again, exclaimhis recado. This done, he stands over the dead been trodden out by the ruck of the other ani- ed the anxious wife and mother, "what can be

the cause of their detention?"

whence she should look for their return.

higher into the heavens, illuminated the far tionably recognizes out-door recreation as going plain to the utmost verge of vision. Still no one hand in-hand with mental culture. Morally, seen stalking through the tall grass, or a deer encouragement to national pastimes as essential startled from its couch by the approach of the to the right and proper growth of our young spotted jaguar. But no form having the ap- people. The inhabitants of our large American pearance of a human being-nothing that re- cities have, up to within a late period, lacked a sembled a horseman.

pense—no longer anxiety: it had grown to be their bodies, and the result has been that the agony almost unendurable. Cypriano seemed middle period of life has seen thousands carried to suffer most. His heart was wrung with the to the grave, who, with proper attention to thought of Francesca's danger.

no longer. Nor is it of any use my doing so. age, ere the sere and yellow leaf of time had You, Ludwig, can remain to take care of aunt. | made itself apparent. But it is useless further I shall myself go in search of them."

sition. What though Gaspar had failed to of "all work and no play," of overtaxing the their games. Throwing out the Tecumseh and quainted with the country around.

In ten minutes after he was seen mounted on towns of the American continent.

which he had disappeared. scarce giving themselves time to take their mid- record of the world of recreation.

day meal—snatching only enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger. And again the sun went down-without any one appearing upon the plain. No form loomed up against the red sky that hemmed the horizon of the west.

and watched. But their watching seemed to be at length rewarded. Under the silvery sheen that glistened white over the surface of the pampa sward, three dark shapes were seen approaching. They were the shapes of horses, each carrying a rider

upon his back. Two of them were tall, the third of lesser hight. A shout of joy burst from the lips of Ludwig. "It is they!" cried he. "How strange!" he added, suddenly checking himself, "there are only three of them. 'Tis father, Gaspar and Francesca. Then Cypriano must have missed

them, and is still continuing his search." The conjecture seemed reasonable enough, and yet it did not satisfy the anxious mother. Some strange presentiment, some boding fear, had possession of her heart, restraining the joyful

Without making rejoinder, she stood motionless as a statue, straining her eyes till they The three travelers came on over the plain,

and up to the edge of the inclosure. Before they could reach the gate, she had gone outside to receive them, followed by her son. The moon gleaming down upon their dresses

enabled her to make out the well-known cloak of her husband, and the picturesque apparel of the gaucho. And the third, also in male attire?

A scream escaped her, followed by the words: "Where is Francesca?"

No one made reply-neither her husband, Gaspar nor the boy. All three had halted, and sat in their saddles, as if both they and their horses had been turned into stone!

"Where is my daughter?" she again exclaimed. "Husband, why do you not speak? Cypriano! why are you silent?" "Oh, God!" cried Gaspar—the ejaculation re-

sembling a groan—"this is too terrible! Señora! "Señora! Sirrah! Why do you address me thus? Husband, do you hear him? What is it, querido? Why do you hold your head so? Are

As she spoke, she glided on toward the horseman who wore the habiliments of her husband. As she laid her hand upon his knee, and lookmystic shimmering of the moon, she did not

need to be told why his eyes were closed. She saw that it was the sleep of death! With a shriek, that might have startled the "Ah, if they're only straying. Madre de dead, she sunk fainting to earth!

> † The Guanos are also a Chaco tribe, but altogether devoting themselves to industrial pursuits, and often | ball. taking service with the whites, both Paraguayans and Corrientines.

> > [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bird Instinct.

A great fire broke out in a little German town near where stood a tower about eighty a draw. feet high, which formed part of the fortification building had received the name of "Stork's the games which legally count are included: Tower." At the time of the fire there were three unfledged birds in the nest, and the poor little birds were in great danger. But the old storks soon showed their good sense and their love for their young, for by turns they each flew off to some fish pond just outside the walls; here they took a good dip in the water, and filled their beaks with as much as they could carry away: then, nothwithstanding the smoke and flames, they flew back to their little ones. poured the water from their beaks over them and the nest, and at the same time shaking it out from their feathers. Thus, during the whole day did these faithful birds act as a winged fire brigade till toward evening, when all danger for the young and the nest was over.



BY HENRY CHADWICK.

find the absence of such a feature a barrier to the attention paid to all branches of physical is to be carried to perfection. There are, of course, extremes in this respect as in everything else, and just as we Americans, up to read such influential sporting journals as The quarter had come the blow that had driven her tion Bell's Life and kindred journals - one and her husband to the Chaco, compelling them | might very reasonably think that the English to seek a home under the protection of savages. leisure classes had little else to do or to think of But her eyes were toward the west—the direction than sports and pastimes. But this is as much tion in which her loved ones had gone, and the extreme in one way, as it has been, since the early days of the republic, with us the other An hour passed on, and the sun, mounting way. The happy medium, however, unquesappeared upon it. Now and then an ostrich was too, the aspect of the case is one which gives healthy physique. Their mental powers have In the minds of all three it was no longer sus- drawn too heavily on the nervous forces of physical exercise and recreation in youth and "Caramba!" he exclaimed, "I can stay here | early manhood, would have reached a good old to sermonize on the subject. Experience has Neither Ludwig nor his mother made oppo- taught us as a people that our old-time system find them? One more searcher would be still mind at the expense of a neglected physique, is Rochester games—these clubs retiring before another chance, and Cypriano was well ac- a very bad policy, and very wisely and characteristically we are gaining yearly in wisdom "You may go!" said the señora, mechanically in this respect; and hence the increased and nodding permission. "And God go with you!" | growing popularity of out-door sports for our | be: Buffalo, 25-9; Star, 25-9; Tecumseh, 21-13. she added, as the youth hastened out of the ve- boys and young men, and for physical exercise The decision will not be given until February for the fair sex as well, in the large cities and next.

a small but fleet steed, galloping westward over Of course this growth in public favor calls for the plain, as if his life depended upon the quick | a proportionate recognition at the hands of

Cricket.

The cricket event of the season was the tour through the United States and Canada made And the moon rose; and still they watched, by the Australian cricketers during October, the record of their games being as follows:

AUSTRALIANS.								
CITY.	1ST IN'NG.	2D IN'NG.	TOTAL SCORE.	HIGHEST SINGLE SCORE	HIGHEST TOTAL SCORE			
New York.		92	162	23	32			
Phila		56	206	46	46			
Toronto		32	155	31	31			
Montreal		-	319	125	125			
Detroit		- 1-1-1	181	29	29			
San Fr'isco	302	21-013	302	78	78			
			1325					

AMERICANS AND CANADIANS.

New York 63 98 Phila196 53 Toronto100 54 Montreal 91 — Detroit 34 81 San Fr'isco 62 105	TOTAL	SINGLE	TOTAL
	SCORE.	SCORE	SCORE
	161	25	33
	249	84	84
	154	17	19
	91	31	31
	115	24	24
	167	22	22

In New York the Australians won with five wickets to spare. In Philadelphia the match was drawn. In Toronto the Australians won with ten wickets to fall. In Montreal the match was technically drawn, though practically a victory for the Australians in one inning. In Detroit the Australians won in one inning with 66 runs to spare; and in San Francisco they won with 135 runs to spare, thus winning four matches out of six and having two drawn.

Base-Ball.

The base-ball season in the metropolis commences in April—sometimes in March—and in- Mr. Zingzam..... variably closes on Thanksgiving Day, in No- Mr. Wells..... vember, up to which time, during October and November, the game is played in the metropolitan ball fields on every day that the weather is

til September and October, during which months enhance its popularity. two very interesting tournaments were held, the one in which seven clubs of New York and Brooklyn took part, ending with the success of the New York Flyaways, while the second, in game, has become popular with such of the which but three clubs participated, resulted in

The record of the former, which began August

CLUBS.	Flyaway	Hudson	New York	Witoka	Orange	Montgomery.	ASLOT	Won	Drawn	Played	Won
Flyaway		2	4	4	1	2	4	17	0	20	3
Hudson	2		3	3	2	2	4	16	0	20	1
New York	0	1		2	1	2	4	10	1	21	1
Witoka	0	1	1		0	2	4	8	0	20	1
Orange	1	0	1	2		1	1	6	1		0
Montgomery	0	0	1	1	1		2	5	0	14	0
Astor	0	0	0	0	1	0		1	0	20	0
Games lost	3	4	10	12	6	9	19	63	-2	128	6

The record of the second is as follows: Oct. 22. Alaska vs. Hudson, at Union Gr. B'kl'n.6 " 25. Hudson vs. Alaska, " 26. Flyaway vs. Hudson, " 29. Flyaway vs. Alaska, " 31. Flyaway vs. Hudson,

Nov. 1. Alaska vs. Flyaway, " " (8 inn)4 2

The record in full is as follows:									
CLUBS.	Alaska	Flyaway	Hudson	Games Won	Games Drawn.	Games Played.	Total Runs Scored.	Total Scores	
Alaska	1 1	1	1 1	222	0 1 1	4 5 5	22 10 18	13- 5 10- 8 12- 7	

Games lost...... 2 2 2 6 2 14 50 35-20 This left the result drawn, and three more triwithin the past twenty-five years, cultivated als will have to take place to decide the matter. The League season, which ended October 1st, resulted in the success of the Bostons in winning from the ground, "what a weight the thing is! bent down, and head drooped till the nostrils the hill-country of Paraguay, and seemed to him to physical cul-

record:										
PLACES.	Boston	Cincinuati	Providence	Chicago	Indianapolis .	Milwaukee	Games Won	Games Drawn.	Games Played	
Boston Cincinnati Providence Chicago Indianapolis Milwaukee	66421	6 .3284	69 .624	8 10 6 .42	10 4 10 8 4	11 8 8 10 8 	41 37 33 30 24 15	122131	61 62 62 61 63] 61	
Games Lost	19	23	27	30	36	45	180	10	370	

In the International contest for the championship pennant, the season closed with the Star, Buffalo and Tecumseh clubs occupying the three

The principle of the pr	and the same of th
leading positions, as follo	ws:
CLUBS.	GAMES WON. GAMES LOST.
Star	26 9
Buffalo	
Tecumseh	22 10
Utica	21 14
Manchester	18 17
Lowell	
Springfield	

All the other clubs disbanded before closing completing their full record—the score would be: Buffalo, 24-8; Star, 23-9; Utica, 19-13. Counting the Tecumseh only, the score would

Lawn Tennis.

This species of Rackets has of late become accomplishment of his errand. those who cater for the public through the me- quite fashionable as a successor of croquet for He was soon out of sight; while they whom he dium of the daily and weekly press of the coun- lady and gentleman players. It is very simple, had left behind stood gazing in the direction in try; and hence, as we said before, a paper, requires no special activity or any great exerweekly or daily, which solicits family patron- tion to play the ordinary game, and it is very All day long did they remain in the piazza— age, must devote some part of its space to the | well adapted as a pastime for fashionables, who like to play games in which they can talk, flirt, dress and not exert themselves much, and yet play a field game. It is, of course, no game for manly athletes, as base-ball, cricket and kindred games of ball are; but it does well enough to pass time away among the wealthy, leisure class who cannot excel in the other and more active games of ball. It will never rival croquet to any extent, however, as it does not afford such glorious opportunities for flirting as the coquette's game does. The chief Lawn Tennis resort is the picturesque grounds of the Ladies' Club of the Staten Island Cricket and Base-Ball Association, near Stapleton, where the game is played every fine afternoon during the summer. The materials of the game are far more expensive than need be, as a set of bats, ball and net for the game can easily be made at a profit for \$5; but at present it costs nearly treble that amount for a first-rate outfit.

Archery.

Archery clubs have become very fashionable organizations in the United States this past summer, and they are going to increase each year as business prospects brighten. Only the wealthy can belong to them as a general thing, as the expense for the materials for the sport is very great. The best imported bows with a dozen arrows range in price from ten to twentyfive dollars, and what with the targets, quivers, gloves, guards, etc., the expense soon mounts up. Several clubs have been formed this past summer in the metropolis and vicinity, and out West the game has become quite popular in fashionable circles of Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and other of the large cities. The last match played in this vicinity was at Hackensack, N. J., on Oct. 26, when the members of the Oriton

VALUE.

club made the following score: Miss Dougherty..... Distance 30 yards; 24-inch target; 9 ends.

Roller Skating.

fine. The championship seasons of the several The indoor exercise of roller skating is an professional associations, however, are restrict- American institution entirely, and it is one that ed to later periods for commencement and earli- has won great favor with the English aristocer months for closing. Thus the League season racy within the past four years, the nobility did not begin until May and it ended September | patronizing the fashionable club-rinks of Lon-30th. The International season did not much | don to quite a large extent. This winter, the exceed this period, that ending in October. The roller-skating season promises to be a very suc-Amateurs, however, and also the co-operative | cessful one. The Brooklyn Rink opened early professionals play their games just as long as in October, and last week the Philadelphia the weather will admit of play, even up to the Rink was opened, both resorts being fashiondays of winter itself. For 1878, the Amateur ably patronized. In Boston this season, two season will close on November 28th, Thanksgiv- roller-skating rinks are to be opened, and two ing Day, up to which time the great amateur others in New York, besides the two small reunlike the warlike Tovas or Guayeurus. They more resort at Prospect Park will be open for match sorts which are now in operation in this city. resemble the peaceful Aztecs and Pueblos of Mexico, games, alike at base-ball and other games of The sociality connected with it, and the fact that the exercise presents special attractions in The metropolitan professional season of 1878 its being at command in a comfortable and was one which was decidedly uninteresting un- warm hall, are circumstances well calculated to

Foot-Ball. This rough and dangerous English college

college students of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other institutions, who are covvists of all that is English in sports whether good or bad. on the town wall. On the summit a stork's nest 20th, and ended October 15th, and in which sev- It is a game which when played even under the had been built for so many years that the enty-one games were played, is as follows. Only modified code of rules, presents so many risks of dangerous accidents—collisions where the result is maimed limbs or ruptures—and gives ise to so much ill-will and angry temper among the contestants, as to render it a sport that should be discouraged by the College Faculty rather than otherwise. As a sport and manly exercise, there is nothing in foot-ball which the Canadian game of lacrosse does not possess in the way of skill in running, endurance of fatigue, and the judgment in playing strategic points in the game, while the latter is devoid of most of the risks of injury to limb which characterizes foot-ball. Despite its drawbacks, it retains a popularity with college students, and from now until snow sets in it will be the field sport of the season, following the summer games of base-ball and cricket.



The Astley Pedestrian Tournament.

chiefly known in this country in connection | 45m.; Oct. 1 and 2, 1877, Haverhill, Mass., 150 with O'Leary, the American champion pedes- miles in less than 36h; Feb. 19, 1878, at same place, dred dollar gold champion belt to the man who 10, 1878, New York City. 160 1-8 miles, in 34h. could travel the greatest distance on his feet, 29m.; the first 100 miles of these were made either walking or running, in six days, or 144 without resting or leaving the track in 19h. 36m.

O'Leary, the American, who fairly walked N. Y., 100 miles without a stop, in 20h. 43m. down all his opponents, so that he was left | 40s.? Fast Day, Boston, Mass., 90 miles, without alone on the track, five hours before the time stop, in 17h. 45m.; June 10 to 15, Haverhill, was up. This contest was held at Agricultural Mass., 400 miles in 127h. 43m., walking 80 miles Hall, Islington (a suburb of London) on March | in each 24h.; Oct. 7 and 8, New York City, 1063-8 18 to 23, 1878.

the start gave up the soonest. O'Leary had ac- ing that time, to be the winner. complished 520 1-4 miles in 139 hours 6 minutes and 10 seconds, when he was called off the track by Sir John Astley and told that he need not go any further, as he was twenty miles ahead of his closest competitor, Henry Vaughan, who had given up at five hundred miles and retired from the track. This distance was the greatest that had ever been covered by a man on his own unassisted legs in the same time, and far beyond anything ever accomplished by the best race-horse. The nearest record to it was that of O'Leary himself in London, April 2 and 1877, in the match in which he beat Weston. This was a straight walking contest. O'Leary made 519 1-2 miles in 141 1-2 hours nearly, while Weston made 510 miles in 142 hours 54 minutes 38 seconds. This was Weston's first great defeat, and discouraged him from entering in the Astley tournament last spring. After O'Leary and Vaughan, in that tournament, came Henry Brown, of Fulham, nick-named "Blower," who made 477 miles before he fell out, and George Ide, who did 405 miles. There were fourteen other men in this contest, one of them named Corkey, who did wonderfully up to the third day by running a great deal, but fell out on the fifth day quite beaten.

This fall, Sir John Astley has repeated his tournament at the same place, and it began October 28th, at five minutes past one o'clock in the morning. There were twenty-three contestants.

The positions varied, till on the first of November-the fifth day-at one o'clock in the afternoon, the scores stood among those who had not withdrawn:

William Corkey.... 419 Charles Rowell..... 365 H. Brown (Blower).... 413 Edward Payson Wes-

The American was hopelessly in the rear, and the reason became apparent in the swollen state of his ankle, which he had sprained. He only made ten miles more and then retired.

At half-past twelve	e tha	t night the scores	sto	od:
MI			MII	ES.
Corkey	458	Weston		365
Brown	450	Courtney		362
Rowell	408	Ennis	0	360
Hibbert.	401			

These relative positions were not materially altered at the close of the race, Corkey being hailed the winner, and the final scores being:

be at the expense of the life of one of the con- and it is impossible to teach the art to a pupil. ly, and confine themselves to one or two mile future numbers. contests in walking.

THE Cornell boys have challenged Harvard to a straight-away four-mile eight-oared boat race on Owasco Lake. Time, probably next spring. next, on account of date of going to press.

ONE Potter has just wheeled a barrow from Albany to San Francisco, a tramp of four thousand miles, in 172 days, excluding Sundays. He is happy now. The barrow weighed seventyfive pounds loaded.

THE Princeton College football team defeated the Rutgers College team on the University grounds, in Princeton, November 2d. The score was; Princeton, 5 goals and 9 touchdowns; Rutgers, 0.

JOHN KEEN, the English velocipede-rider, on the 30th of September, rode 25 miles in 1h. 23m. 43s., which beats his own record of November 20, 1876, by 3 1-2s. This is as fast as any but the very best of race-horses could have done it.

THE New York Athletic Club closed its openair meetings, at Mott Haven, Nov. 5th. There tug against the best man that could be found. W. H. Douglass won the 250 yards' run, in 28 seconds.

THE Arion Rowing and Athletic Association, of New Jersey, held its third annual games at the West Side Driving Park, Jersey City, Nov. 5th. J. H. Van Lann won the 100 yards' run, in 11 seconds; W. H. Littell took the 220 yards, in 24 seconds: the other matches call for no especial mention, except the one-mile bicycle race, won by J. Lafon, in 5 minutes, 19 seconds.

BRIGHTON, England, has been startled by the apparition of a man mounted on a bicycle of colossal dimensions, who glides along on a level with the tops of the lamp-posts, towering above the hight of ordinary carriages. The drivingwheel of this machine is nearly eight feet in hight, so that the rider's head is some twelve feet from the ground. The wheel is 260 inches in circumference, and is constructed on the rigid principle. The back-bone is made of a seamless steel tube, and has steps projecting for mounting, and a second handle for steering while the rider is getting into the saddle.

College Athletic Association was held at Mott for grown persons, but it is really an interesting carriers, and he frequently utilizes them for the second wife was so different from the first little Haven, November 2d. The winners were as and even exciting pastime. As it affords conveyance of messages and money to his home lady Maude, who now slept in the Neville cemewhen he is abroad. When he goes down to the tery, that he was lonely except when with his study and test of disputed lines when he is abroad. When he is abroad. in 11 2-5 seconds; W. E. Gould, one mile walk, for fast vessels, it is patronized by many rich post-office orin 8 minutes, 39 seconds; H. M. Moore, halfmile run, 1 minute, 59 4-5 seconds; Reginald

The loss than two minutes the seconds; W. E. Gould, one mile walk, post-office to draw money of a post-office to draw money of Sayre, running high jump, 4 feet, 8 1-2 inches; F. H. Lee, pole leaping, 8 feet, 7 inches; G. H. Taylor, two hundred and twenty vards run, 24 seconds; Reginald Some curious results already reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle that the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle that the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle that the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle that the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle that the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle that the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle that the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle that the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle that the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle that the white-haired old mill-owner was a stationary reached puzzle A large boat-house has been built on the lake. Whatever may happen to Harry abroad, his save those who bowed at her slows because of mail, for 10 cents. forty yards run, 57 4-5 seconds; F. Bantram, of | in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, for the yachts, and | money, at least, is safe at home.

remarkable.

challenged O'Leary for the champion belt, the Harriman's record is as follows: April, 1871, Lewiston, Me., 100 miles, in 21h. 20m.; Nov., THE name of Sir John Astley, of England, is 1875, Bangor, Me., 50 miles, without rest, in 9h. trian. Sir John, last spring, offered a five hun- 100 miles, without stop, in 18h. 48m. 40s.; May 52s., and after a stoppage of 17m., he finished The match for this belt was won by Daniel his task without further rest; July 3, Buffalo, miles, in 22h. 35m. 11s. The contest for the belt All the contestants ran more or less, but it | will occupy six days, the man who covers most was found that those who did most running at distance in any way, walking or running, dur-



Practical Rifle Shooting.

OF all sports of the field, none have sprung into such sudden popularity in America as rifle- lake on regatta days. shooting. New Yorkers have had more to do At first there was considerable difficulty found with this revival of interest than the people of in keeping the little crafts on one course, but any other part of the country, and New York this has been overcome by ingenious yet simple City and Brooklyn have more first-class long- contrivances. One of these is to place a piece of range rifle-shots than any other city in the wire on the tiller with a weight attached, so that world at the present writing. Not that their | when the boat careens the weight naturally fallnumber is so very large, for there are less than | ing upon the lower side, brings the tiller with a hundred in all, but at long-range targets they it. The rudder, turned by this means, keeps the have so far produced teams that have beaten all boat off, preventing that constant running up the rest of the world.

establishment of Creedmoor Range, and has and keeps her course through them all. The placed America at the top of the ladder of suc- ballast being the keel proper, it is impossible for cess in long-range team-shooting. This kind of her to capsize. In fact, any one of these little work is, however, too expensive and unpractical boats can be held in the water keel uppermost, to find much permanent favor in America. As with masts and sails under, and when released a pastime leading to the production of accurate | she will immediately right herself and go about rifles and careful shooting it has done all that it her business. A still more simple and favorite can be expected to do, and already the general way to keep the yachts on their course is the public begins to tire of it, and to ask for some- trimming of the sails with elastic "sheets." thing more practical and interesting. This feel- These sheets are made of rubber, and fixed at a ing is quite natural and proper. Long-range proper length for a moderate breeze, and when shooting at a target is very little use to any man a strong puff of wind comes, the elastic, yieldin life. It will not help him to kill a deer in the ling to the increased pressure, stretches out and woods or on a prairie because the surroundings eases the little craft, just as if a crew were on are so different.

able to strike a mark, stationary or moving, at raced together at one time, all keeping the same any unknown distance within the range of the | course and making a very pretty sight. rifle carried by the sportsman, in any sort of weather and against any background. It may be said to be limited to distances inside of three hundred and fifty yards for several reasons. The most important of these is that a rifle ball fired at long range takes so long to reach its object that an animal seeing the flash of the piece has time to jump out of the way before the bullet reaches it.

Practical rifle-shooting is therefore limited to short-range and off-hand work, and the first question is what kind of a rifle is best to use for the purpose. The second is how to learn to shoot with this rifle at unknown distances, first Brown 505 Courtney 404 at stationary then at moving objects. When we Rowell 469 Day 400 hear of Dr. Carver breaking a thousand glass balls at one match with rifle bullets, one after For the rest, the contest was not nearly so the other, the balls being thrown up in the air, severe as that of last spring, when O'Leary was it sounds incredible. When we first read of his the victor; the pace not being so fast. Corkey, killing birds on the wing from the back of a galin the present contest, made a mile more than loping horse, with a single bullet, we felt in-O'Leary did last spring, but he took five hours | clined to doubt the story. But Carver has come more in which to do it. For the present, it is on to New York and showed us that this and all neither likely nor to be desired that any man | the other stories are true. There seems to be, in should excel O'Leary's feat. The strain is too fact, no limit to his skill with the rifle, and we great for human endurance, and it is quite like- are tempted to say: "Oh, well! Carver is a ly that if O'Leary's time is ever beaten, it will phenomenon. No one else could do such things, testants. While these matters are very exciting | As it happens, however, there is not any founwhen they assume an international character, dation for this idea, as Dr. Carver himself has they are also very cruel to the men, who go assured us through his published letters. He staggering around the track at the close of the shoots on fixed principles, takes careful aim with week, exhausted by want of sleep, every joint every shot, and the principles on which he racked with pain; and we would earnestly warn | works are those which constitute the art of any of our young readers athletically inclined, Practical Rifle Shooting. What these are we to shun these long distance competitions entire- will endeavor to show in simple language in

Fishing Resorts.

No city on the continent possesses such facilities for angling as New York and its suburbs. THE Atlanta and Nautilus race on Saturday, Within a circuit of thirty miles there are fishing November 9th, at Harlem, is laid over to our resorts, where all the game-fish of the country are at command—with one exception, salmon in due season. What with the Trout streams and ponds of Long Island in March and April; Bass in May and June; Weak-fish in July and August, together with Sheepshead and Bluefish during the summer, and all the varieties of salt water fish from April to November, we have a supply of game-fish for anglers which no other city can equal. At this fall season of the year bass run up our rivers until late in December, and good sport is to be had from the city docks at the right time of wind and tide.

Game in Season.

In game shooting during November, nearly all the best birds are in season. The laws against shooting quail expired Nov. 1st, and exaggerated ideas exist in the popular mind. from that date until Jan. 1st, quail, partridge There is no such thing as an instinctive faculty, papa. were several exciting contests in the tug-of-war. and woodcock can be legally shot, and this sea- which infallibly brings these birds back to their W. B. Curtis was the winner in the individual son these birds are plentiful on Long Island. | cotes from long distances. They will not fly at During November and December, however, the | night nor in a fog, and if flown at any consider great sport for gunners is the Long Island duck | able distance from their homes without having shooting. Gardiner's Bay at the east end of the had opportunity to learn the way of return or Island, as also the Peconic Bays abound with become acquainted with the surroundings of black ducks, coots, sheldrake, old squaws, whist- their cotes, will get lost just as readily as any lers, and all the variety of migratory ducks. other birds. Wild geese, too, are plentiful in the bays bor- A very considerable number of birds are lost dering the Atlantic shore of Long Island. The out of those sent on long flights, notwithstandfare from Brooklyn to Sag Harbor or the adja- ing all precautions. cent towns and villages near the duck-shooting resorts, is but \$2.50 by the railroad, and board can be had at the farm-houses for a dollar a day for transient boarders.



Miniature Yachts.

RACING miniature vachts is becoming a favorite amusement in sporting circles. At first THE thirteenth field-meeting of the Columbia sight it seems a stupid and rather childish game

Harlem Athletic Club, won the stranger's half- its floors and shelves are full of them. The mile race, in 2 minutes, 13 seconds; and several large ones, or "first-class" yachts, principally other events of less interest, where time was not schooners, are about five feet long. Some are built, but most of them are carved out of solid MR. CHARLES A. HARRIMAN of Boston, has blocks, and, of course, carefully hollowed. The keels are solid lead, and weigh from twenty to Bowery. match to come off in England next spring. fifty pounds. Many of these models are exceed- Turner Hall Chess Club.—Nos. 66 and 68 East ingly beautiful, highly finished, the cost in some | Fourth Street. cases reaching from \$100 to \$500. But the most | New York Chess Club.—Café Cosmopolitan, No. costly of these little crafts are not kept in the 11-2 Second Avenue. boat-house. They are brought to the lake on racing days from the houses of their owners, Bowery. some of them being taken to the lake in handcarts, or in canvas-bags, like game-cocks. By the methods now in use, it takes about five minutes to rig one of these racers, and this includes | 71 and 73 Meserole street. Meets for play on Wednesputting in masts and bowsprit, and arranging spars, stays, halyards, and sails. When the struggle is over, all the rigging is removed in

about the same length of time it takes to put it up. The masts are not driven into the hold, but made fast on the deck in what are called "mast cups." These cups are made of brass and screwed down upon the deck, and the masts are made to fit into them like candles into candle-sticks. Then, as all the stays are simply hooked on, the setting up or taking down of the rigging is merely a matter of fastening or undoing a few hooks, and putting in or pulling out the masts and bowsprit. The rigging, when thus removed, is as easily carried as a folded umbrella or a disjointed fishing-rod.

The speed of these boats is marvelous. When lying down to their work they are able to hurry up, sometimes to get away from, a skillful oarsman in a rowboat. The interest taken in the sport by Brooklyn people is shown by the thousands that assemble on the banks of the little

into the wind, which was the old fault. In this All this sudden progress has been due to the | way the boat takes all the knock-downs she gets board to tend the sheets and look out for squalls. "Practical" rifle-shooting consists in being By this means quite a number of yachts can be

THERE are few branches of sport and pastime that afford more instruction and benefit combined than the breeding of pigeons in their many varieties. The birds are not so expensive but what they are within the means of most people, a source of profit and amusement combined, they are worthy the attention of every one. in a threatening manner. We have determined, therefore, to open a special this interesting and favorite pastime, which on the subject by breeders in this country. ses! With this view, we invite communications from the readers of this column, and shall open with look for the young individual in the tree. a brief abstract, culled from American and English authorities, of the present state of pigeon breeding in this country.

Those most generally known here, and their respective values by the pair, are as follows:

Antwerp carriers	HUND			
English carriers	- 13	-	to	*
Pouters	5		to	1
Barbs	5		to	-
English yellow-balls	25		to	3
Button-headed tumblers	25		to	-
White fantails	3		to	3
Runts	3		to	6
Almond tumblers	5		to	6
Drummers.	6		to	4
African boot-legged tumblers	7		to	-
Archangels	4		to	
Nuns	3	MA	to	
Jacobins	3	7.4	to	1
Highflyers	2		to	4
Turbits	3		to	
Owls	3		to	1
Tminimators	4		to	
Bearded tumblers	4		to	
Suabians			to	
Spots	232	211 3	to	
Lowtan tumblers			to	
Black-ball tumblers			to	
English saddle-back fantail, red and blue			to	
Dragons	2	No.	to	
Swallows			to	
Brown tumblers			to	

The higher figures only apply to such birds as are pure-blooded and fine specimens. In some cases exceptional birds run very much higher. The first worthy of particular description is the beautiful "Antwerp carrier," the finest of all "homing" birds, concerning whose powers very

500,000 worth of plumes were exported from of pocket money. Cape Colony last year. In the Kingston (Canada) Poultry Exhibition recently the judges had some of the game fowls

washed in a bucket of water, and it was discovered that they were only common fowls painted. MRS. C. W. CARPENTER, wife of the landlord of the Continental Hotel, Newark, has taught a canary bird to whistle a waltz in perfect tune and the waltz played every day on an organ

before the bird learned the tune correctly. Harry Jennings has some very fine Antwerp He had no children except Maudie, and his

Chess.

CHESS PLAYERS' DIRECTORY. NEW YORK CHESS ROOMS.—Café Engel, No. 356

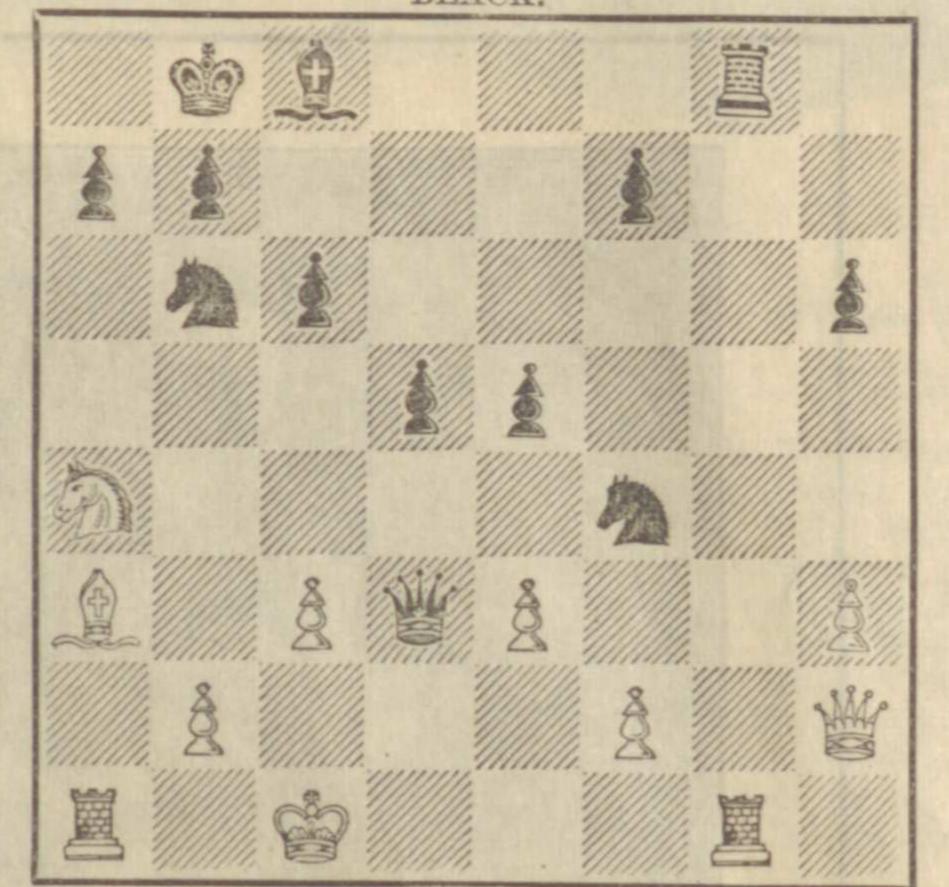
MANHATTAN CHESS CLUB.—Café Logeling, No. 49 THE BROOKLYN CHESS CLUB meets daily in the Brooklyn Library Building, Montague street. WILLIAMSBURGH PHILIDOR CHESS CLUB.—Turn Hall,

day and Friday evenings.

This "royal sport" of the old country, which for centuries past has been the game of games of the civilized world, has of late years achieved great popularity in America, and especially with us "Yankees," who as "calculators" and 'reckoners," are admirably suited to enjoy game which requires the perfection of calculation to play it to the highest standard of skill. Of course a paper like this would be incomplete without its chess department, and as problems are excellent things for the advancement of young chess students, we open our column with a two-move problem, by the editor, designed especially for young players.

Chess Problem No. 1.

BY H. C.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

That Boy Joe.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER

"Come down out of that tree, you young | A dark frown came over the farmer's face, thief!" shouted farmer Ravensfield, as, while in but he said nothing. He was not the one to excompany with his sunny-haired, fourteen-year- press his feelings in words when he lacked old daughter, he was strolling in his orchard, proof. and had espied, perched comfortably up in his Awhile later, a rough-looking man, coarse favorite harvest apple-tree, a little individual and repulsive in every feature, sauntered boldly whose appearance pronounced him to be of that | into the grounds, and up to the veranda, where order of beings known as tramps. "Come down the family were sitting. at once! I'll learn you to be stealing fruit from

my orchard, you worthless little vagabond!" And the good farmer, who would scarcely "I know not where the lad is. Take him if and their keep is comparatively cheap, while, as have minded a whole crop of fruit being lost, so well-to-do was he, shook his ivory-headed cane,

department in The Young New Yorker for farmer Ravensfield, sharply. "You'd better open your ears or I'll send for Tom, my stablewe hope to make an epitome of all that is known man, and he'll boot you clean off of the premi-

daughter, could judge, the boy was about six- Ravensfield and his wife and servants escaped; a clear, intelligent countenance, strangely pierc- the burning mansion, the blaze from which reding black eyes, and jetty curling hair; was dened the starry heaven. strong-limbed and robust. Health is usually The building, too, was nearly on the point of granted the average of those wild, roving spirits | falling in. No one dared venture back into the

known as tramps. And this "apple-thief," as the farmer had "Oh! my God, my child will be burned

upon his lips. ed the farmer. "Yes, when I git ready!" was the response, his face, and dripping from half a dozen wounds and off came another apple. "Spect you is in upon his limbs and body.

I'll send for Tom!"

The farmer held a consultation with his little | Maudie. angel-faced daughter. Maudie was many times the old man's guide, for she had a clear brain, space of time-dashed out of the fire, with and was good as she was pretty.

your name?" quisitor, wonderingly.

"Joe, eh?" muttered Ravensfield, thought- "Joe! Joe! are you hurt?" he demanded, tears fully. "An honest name—too honest for the streaming down his furrowed cheeks, for with present claimant." "But, papa, he may have a heart, though it's tion—this nameless tramp.

a long way to reach it, as the minister said," spoke Maudie. "Do please try to coax him, raised his eyes again to the boy tramp.

"Joe, did you ever eat any ice cream and "Guess not," came back the reply. "Don't tramp uttered; then Joe's spirit had taken its think we poor folks can live high-toned like you | flight; he had gone on that "long, last tramp."

"But, we are not all aristocusses, Joe!" Neville cemetery his body lies, with this single Ravensfield replied, with a smile. "Come down word-"JoE." and you shall have both sponge-cake and icecream. And, as I want a boy to chore about OSTRICH-FARMING has become quite a very the place, if you prove yourself worthy, you important industry in South Africa. Over \$1,- shall have a comfortable home and an allowance

"You don't want me!" Joe replied, slowly. "I'm a tramp, and you'd git mad and kick me out, 'fore the week's out."

But farmer Ravensfield argued to the contrary, and as a result, Joe was induced to quit the apple-tree, and go to the grandest mansion in the great prosperous valley.

The Ravensfields were rich, for the good old farmer had been one of the earliest settlers, and and time. The bird was kept in a dark room had accumulated wealth rapidly. He owned mills and farms, and pretty nearly all of the with a stop like a bird's voice. It was a year rustic little village of Neville, and was considered the great man of the valley.

their moneyed valu.

Joe's advent of course was a source of utter horror to her, and her tongue failing to command sufficient abusive phraseology, she betook herself to her room for a whole live-long

Joe's advent created a new era, as it were, among the Ravensfields.

At a mild assertion, he was a remarkable youth. He had a strong temper; was often sullen and moody; always grim and somewhat uncommunicative. He did the duties assigned him as best he knew how; then, when he had nothing to detain him, he would ramble off and be gone perhaps for hours, promptly returning about the time he was wanted. Farmer Ravensfield had long talks with him, and endeavored to impress upon his mind the importance of determining upon his future, but in such moments Joe would eventually wind up matters in his blunt, sober way:

"It's no use, boss, ter try ter make an aristocuss out o' me. I am still a tramp, though rather 'held in bondage,' as yer little gal says. Some of these days I shall take a long, long tramp;" and the boy would sigh, while his gaze wandered off into vacancy.

And then it was Maudie who exerted the strongest influence over him, for he would obey her slightest wish, when he hesitated to obey others. With her natural kindness and purity she taught him much—to read, spell, sing and

And thus time passed. Days merged into weeks, weeks into months, and the bright summer months into autumn. Autumn, when the hay-fields and grain-fields had been cleared, and only the corn and fruit remained to tell the result of the summer's bountiful gift—that is, remained unhoused.

The apples hung from many a bending bough in the great Ravensfield orchards; the leaves were dropping under the blow of the first autumnal frosts, leaving the trees gaunt and naked. Sounds of threshers were heard in the great barns adown the valley; hunters were abroad for the season's game, in meadows and forest.

One night, as farmer Ravensfield and his wife and daughter were sitting upon the veranda of their home, in the early gloaming, enjoying the sweet-scented breeze, one of the hired men came up, in his shirt sleeves, and carrying a brier-

"There's a gang of tramps over in the back orchard, sir; about twenty o' as hard-looking cases as I ever see'd, sir. 'Spect t. y mean mis-

"Eh? Tramps!" the good farmer exclaimed, starting. "Humph! I was hoping to escape those pests, too, this year. Twenty of 'em, eh?" "Yes, sir. They've built a fire out o' fencerails, an' are roasting apples."

"Well, Peters, all we can do is to let them alone. Maybe they'll keep their distance if we don't go near them." "Just as you say, sir," Peters replied, "though I'd mighty quick oust 'em if et war

"Where is Joe-have you seen him?" "Yes, sir-skulking about in the orchard, like as if he was guilty o' somethin'. 'Spect he'll clear out with the tramps, sir."

"I want Joe!" he said, grimly, briefly. "He b'longs to us, an' you can't have 'im."

you find him and he is willing to go!" replied the The tramp growled some inaudible response, "Did you hear what I just said?" again spoke and staggered away. Evidently the juice of apples was too much for him.

And, as nothing was seen of Joe, it was calculated he had gone back to the tramps. But how wrongly the sequel will show. In The old gentleman was growing irate, and as the dead of night it was discovered that the all pigeon fanciers who have facts of interest to a consequence things had rather an unappetizing great mansion and outbuildings were in a blaze, and that the tramps were pillaging and plunder-As near as the farmer and Maudie, his pretty ing, throughout the beautiful valley. Farmer teen years of age, and not bad-looking. He had then it was discovered that Maudie was still in

awful furnace.

dubbed him, sat upon a comfortable limb, with alive!" cried old farmer Ravensfield, rushing his heels dangling recklessly into mid-air, a grin frantically about. "Save her! oh! save her!" A boyish figure darted past them with a wild "Are you coming?" for the last time demand- cry, and straight into the burning portals of the old mansion—Joe, with blood smeared all over

A shuddering exclamation of horror escaped "Yes, I am. Come down, and clear out, or those gathered outside, and with distended eyes they watched and waited—watched the mighty "Send for him. I'll pelt him with apples, roaring flames consume the building and leap heavenward-waited for Joe to come back with

He came, after what seemed an interminable Maudie, unscathed, in his arms, just as the build-"Hello, up there, boy!" the wealthy farmer ing fell in with a thundering crash, and a million cried, after a few moments of conversation with sparks went upward. But the poor boy dropthe little fairy in white and pink. What's ped, ere he could reach the group of breathless spectators. Old farmer Ravensfield rushed 'Joe!" replied the boy, gazing down at his in- forward, and, unmindful of his own child, he knelt beside the dying youth.

> all his heart the old man loved this boy of adop-"Yes, I'm dying," was the feeble response. "The tramps layed fer me, and cut me all up,

while I was keepin' watch on yer premises, fer "Yes, my angel." Then the old gentleman sumthin' told me this were comin'. Maudie-"Safe and unharmed, Joe, my boy!" "Thank God!" were the last words the young

Beneath a green flower-decked mound in

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